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Essex Historical Society



PAPERS. AND ADDRESSES

VOLUME II.

WINDSOR, ONTARIO
HUGHES & PERCY, PRINTERS, WINDSOR

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For the above illustrations the Society is indebted to Mr. John Auld of Amherstburg and Mr. Fred Neal of Sandwich.

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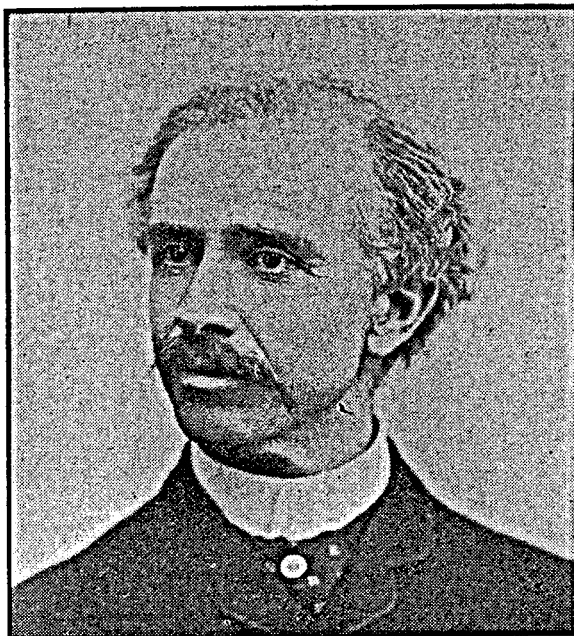
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Francis Cleary,
First President of Essex Historical Society,
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THE BATTLE OF WINDSOR.

Read by Francis Cleary at meeting of Essex Historical Society, Windsor, Ont., Sept. 20, 1907.

Windsor had one so-called battle. This was brought about by the incursion of what might be called marauders from different parts of the United States, who crossed on the morning of December 4, 1838, and invaded Canada. At this time, of course, there was peace between United States and Great Britain, and therefore no excuse for this invasion. But these marauders, under the pretext of freeing us from the yoke of Great Britain, and counting on the discontent which prevailed in other portions of Canada about this time, thought that their efforts would be seconded and appreciated by the people here. In this they were much mistaken, and they were driven back the very same day. This portion of the country might be said to be almost undefended at the time. A few regulars were posted at Fort Malden (Amherstburg), 20 miles away, and we had two or three companies of militia in the county.

I have selected the following accounts of this battle or engagement as being the most complete and interesting that I could find. It must be remembered by the reader that these accounts were written almost fifty years after the battle, which fact will account, in some part, for the disagreements of the writers.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837-38.

By Capt. John D. Sullivan.

The following is Captain Sullivan's account (somewhat condensed) of the Battle of Windsor:

I will try to give a full statement as I saw it, as I was in Windsor all day, then living in the west end of a double frame house, which occupied the ground that the McKee planing mill now stands on. On the back part of the lot was the Francois Baby orchard, the front faced north, a piece of spare land at the west end of the house had a crooked rail fence, about seventy feet in length, joined to Mr. St. Louis' one and a half story frame house; this fence was the orchard fence and was where the battle commenced. On the east side was a high board fence between our house and Mr. Johnston's frame house; this fence running east connected with Mr. F. Baby's picket fence and then connected to Mr. Baby's two story brick residence, the former occupied by the Monroe Gold Cure until within the last few years, on the north side of Pitt street. My reason for giving you the details of this fence is that the line fence was the north line of the orchard and the line of the battle ground on the fourth of December, 1838.

At that time there was on the west end of Mr. F. Baby's farm three log buildings, facing Sandwich Street, built for barracks about 1812; they occupied the ground that J. F. Smythe's store is now built on, or near the same. One part of the long building was, at the time of the battle, occupied by Mr. Hewitt and other families as a residence. The old officers' quarters, the east building, was occupied by Robert Motherwell and family; the father and his son were first and second engineers on the steamboat "United," of forty tons, a ferry running between Detroit and Windsor. During the summer of 'thirty-seven there was not much show of the rebellion in Detroit, but considerable talk and annoyance with their boasting when they gathered at their meeting places, the old Eagle Hotel on Woodbridge Street and the old red tavern on the River Road, West Detroit, and the American Hotel on Jefferson Avenue.

As the summer of 1838 came on there was not anything done, but there was considerable talk of what could be done. Yet there was a feeling of revenge, but the greatest part of the threats came from disappointed office seekers. Still there were many loyal subjects at that time moving across the line into Canada from the United States, and most of them were ready and willing to take up arms to defend the country.

For my own satisfaction, I made it my business to question the younger members of the families of the different nationalities what their fathers thought about the rebellion, for at that time it was necessary to decide, as when a man was ordered out he was expected to appear at a given time with his blanket across his shoulders and his gun, if he owned one, and be ready for duty, or the guard house or the common jail was his fate. At that date, the Indians were ready to go on the war path. There were a great many in the first call, and, when their time was up, several of the young men enlisted in the three-year men, and after the volunteers were disbanded these same young Indians or half breeds joined Colonel Arthur Rankin's company of Canadian Indians that he took to England, and they appeared before Queen Victoria in their Indian dress and some paint, and were introduced by Col. Rankin to Queen Victoria as her loyal subjects.

As to those dissatisfied Rebel leaders, they soon found they had but little sympathy in Canada. As the summer of 1838 closed the Rebel officers commenced to assemble about the hotels and their meeting places, making offers to men to join their companies to invade Canada of one hundred dollars cash and one hundred acres of land in Canada. So, by their promises and perseverance they secured many men from different states who did not know much about the inhabitants of Canada and still less of their laws or Canada itself. But most of the people along the frontier did not expect any invasion of Canada until the ice was strong, so that they could cross on the ice.

On the fourth of December, 1838, there was considerable ice along the shores to the end of the docks on both sides of the river, and as all the companies that had been organized of

volunteers and men who had been ordered out for duty were stationed in the old stone barracks in Sandwich, there was no company of volunteers stationed in Windsor until after the battle of Windsor, but there was a guard of about twelve men brought up from the Sandwich guard relief each day. The guard house then occupied was a frame two-story building located on the south side of Sandwich Street, near where Windsor Avenue is now. The building was the first to be attacked and burned on the Canadian line.

The Rebels had succeeded in landing on the Moy dock, owned by Mr. W. G. Hall, above Windsor and below Walkerville at present. As all the steamers had laid up, the Rebels took charge of the American steamboat "Champlain," a small passenger steamer running on the south shore between Detroit and Buffalo. They put her in running order as soon as possible, and the two companies were ordered on board by their commander, General Putman. On the night of the third of December, after some delay in getting their machinery to work, as it was supposed, satisfactory to the engineer and captain in the important voyage of capturing Windsor and Canade, they left the Detroit dock about three a. m., on the fourth of December, and ran up the river and landed the two companies on the ice near the Moy dock. The first company, which was the largest, was under the command of General Putnam, and they started for Windsor. The second company started for Windsor a little later. The steamer "Champlain" returned to Detroit as soon as all were landed.

The first the people of Windsor knew of the attack was hearing the report of firing between four and five in the morning, before daybreak. Then the guard house was on fire and the Canadian steamboat "Thames," which was laid up at Van Allen's dock, opposite Peter McLaughlin's house, was set on fire and sunk. As far as I could find out from enquiries made after the battle, the Rebels came marching down the River Road; the sentry at the guard house challenged them, but got no reply. He then called the guard. The Rebels, then at close range, fired the first volley into the guard house, wounding three of the guards. The guards fired one volley

and then retreated to Sandwich as fast as they could go. The Rebels left one man dead near the guard house. Those wounded in the guard house could not get out when the building was set on fire. The door was closed, and as the men tried to crawl out of the windows they were shoved back by the Rebels' bayonets, for I saw them lying in the burning guard house, roasted corpses, with legs and arms all drawn up with the heat of the fire.

After doing their work there, the first company came marching down the street to the front of F. Baby's brick dwelling, which stood back from the street, and stood in line of his orchard, so it showed their leader had been there before and laid his plans. The Rebel company turned on an angle from the front street, marched south to the Baby picket fence, which they soon tore down, and marched into the orchard; then chose their ground and formed ready for action, leaving the building that my mother and I occupied, the west half of the next building west, occupied by Mr. St. Louis. They had all left it, Mr. Phelan's family of the east end had all gone, and so had the Johnstons. But the Rebels did not have long to wait. Each one had chosen as large an apple tree as he could find, before Captain Sparks' company of redcoats put in their appearance. The captain got word from someone that the Rebels had gone into the orchard, so he marched up the road until they passed the east end of the Baby log buildings which I mentioned before. The captain wheeled his company on a right angle, and then started on a double quick for the crooked rail fence between our house and Mr. St. Louis'. As soon as they came up to the fence in a solid body, the Rebels commenced firing. Captain Sparks' men fired in volleys, as the space between the two buildings was not wide enough to allow the whole company to fire at one volley. As the firing was coming fast, I expected every second to see some balls coming through the side of our house, so I went upstairs to get a view from the back windows of the Rebels' firing, but on account of the windows being above the branches of the trees I could see only the flashes of each shot, but could not see the men. There were several volleys fired in that way on both sides, but the next surprise I heard was a volley on the

Rebels' left flank as Captain Malott came up from Sandwich across the farms and around at the deep ditch and line fence between the orchard and the Jeanette farm. As soon as the Rebels saw them, and knowing that one apple tree would not protect both sides, they left for the woods. Captain Sparks ordered the fence pulled down and the men to advance. The two companies kept up a running fire as they could get a shot. When the Rebels broke and retreated Colonel Putnam started east, I suppose to join the second company, but as he was climbing a line fence, someone in the company shot him. He fell over alongside of the fence, where he was buried the next day and remained there for some years. While this shooting was heard back of the orchard, the second company of Rebels came down the road, and in the street below J. Dougall's store, then called the ferry landing, they heard the firing, but it sounded at a distance and they could not understand it, and they could not see anyone to tell them, for to all appearances Windsor was deserted. They appeared to be waiting for orders to advance or retreat, but as I had the best location in Windsor everything seemed to centre there. At the distance they stood I had a good view of them. For a company of men to go and attack a foreign country, they were badly fitted out. I saw that several men standing in the ranks did not have the sign of a gun. I saw some with long poles with a spur or lance on the end, and I think there were two poles with eagles on the ends. I could not see what use they were going to make of them. While this company of Rebels were standing in the street trying to find out what they should do, they could not see anyone from whom they could get any information as to the meaning of the firing. The first man who came along the street was Robert Motherwell, second engineer of the ferry boat "United." As the boat had not started running and lay at the ferry dock in Detroit, he started to go home for his breakfast. As soon as he came up on the front street from the ferry house they took him prisoner, and he told me the officers asked him all sorts of questions—where he lived, if he had any arms in the house, if he belonged to any militia company or if he knew anything about them—his answers were that he did not know anything about them, as his business was

engineer on the boat. Finally some of their company who knew him came to his relief, and let him go home.

A very short time after that, three men came walking up the road from Sandwich. As Miss Hewitt, who was after married to Mr. Robert Taylor, merchant, lived in the long log buildings, and saw the officers pass the window, she ran out of the back door and ran east in shelter of the log buildings, as there was a driveway of about twenty or thirty feet north and south between the buildings. As she came behind the corner of the building the officers came up abreast of her, and she called out to them, "Say! do you know where you're going?" They said, "Yes, up to our men." Miss Hewitt answered, "You are going right into the Rebel company." At that Miss Hewitt hid in the house as quickly as possible. The three men were Lieut. Dixie, Commissary Morse and Doctor Hume, who turned short from the road and ran between the end of the two log buildings to run across lots to Sandwich. That was the first I saw of the officers, as I had been watching the Rebel company. At that minute, I saw three of the rebels leave the ranks and run as fast as they could across to the back end of the log buildings, expecting to cut the officers off from the orchard. They cocked their muskets while running, but when the three Rebels came around the south end of the building, Lieutenant Dixie and Commissary Morse had passed over the two fences and were well out of reach of their old flint-lock muskets. But Doctor Hume was either out of wind or could not run like the other men, as he had only got as far as Thomas Coles' house, but he was running, I saw the one nearest the doctor take aim and snap his flint-lock twice, but it did not go off. At that time the other two Rebels caught up, but they had lost sight of the doctor. He had run into Thomas Coles' woodshed and tried to get into the house, but it was all locked up. In his hurry to hide, he found a large sized cask with a cover on with hinges, which was empty, so he got into this cask and closed the cover down over him. At that time I saw two more men running from the company to help the other three. It appears they thought the doctor had got into the house and locked the

doors. There was an old axe in the shed, so with this they broke down the door and searched the house and could not find him. But on coming out into the woodshed they looked into this cask. They tipped the cask over on its side and dragged Doctor Hume out on his back. One of them stabbed him in the breast with a musket bayonet, and one of them took the old axe and cut off his arm below the elbow. Then they dragged him outside the shed and robbed the body, as I saw three of them going back to the company, one with the doctor's fur cap, another with his long fur gloves or gauntlets and the other with his red sash.

Soon after the return of those men with their trophies, the second company of Rebels started on their retreat for Hog Island, now Belle Isle. I went to the back of Mr. Coles' house to see what had become of Doctor Hume. A young colored man had crawled out from his hiding place as he saw the company start. As he came up behind the building, he saw Doctor Hume lying there. The smell of fresh blood was causing a lot of hogs to gather around there, so he picked up the body and placed it in a shed at the back end of the yard and fastened the door. Later in the afternoon, the body was taken to Sandwich in a wagon. (I have seen some reports that Doctor Hume was shot, but I do not believe he was, unless there is a surgeon's report of a bullet wound on the body, for during the time of his murder, I did not hear the report of a gun.)

After the retreat of the second company, I went into the orchard to see if any of our men were wounded or dead. Thomas Ridge, a boy younger than myself, was with me. We could not find any of our men, but the first one of the Rebels we met was a man of middle age, with a heavy brown overcoat and no hat. He was wounded through both knees with musket balls, his feet lay in the furrow in the snow, and his body partly on his side. While I was looking at him, young Ridge came up behind me and whispered, "Is that one of our men or is he a Rebel?" I answered that I did not know who he was. Then the man looked up and said, "Yes, I'm one of the Rebels, and I'm sorry for it." I asked him what business he had over here, and he said when he was in Detroit the Rebels

offered him one hundred acres of land and one hundred dollars cash if he would join them. He said they told him there would be no fighting, for the people in Canada would all join them as soon as they landed. I asked him if he had found out his mistake, and he said, "Yes, to my sorrow." He said he expected he would be shot. His name was Miller; he had two children in Pennsylvania, and his wife and two other children lived in Vermillion, Ohio, and he asked me to let his family know what had become of him. I said I would try to let them know. Then I left him to go further back in the orchard, but I found no one near where the battle commenced, but the apple trees were filled with musket balls on the north-west side of the trees.

When I got back to the house, I found old Mr. Francois Baby and Mr. Johnston were returning home through the orchard, and seeing Miller lying there Mr. Baby waited while Mr. Johnston came to the house to get a blanket. They carried Miller to Johnston's house in the blanket, and turned a chair down on the floor for him to rest his shoulders and head on. Mr. Johnston was just getting breakfast, so he asked Miller if he would have a cup of coffee and some toast, which were thankfully received. For although he was so chilled lying in the snow, and both his knees almost torn to pieces, yet he did not feel any pain. I went into Mr. Johnston's house, and heard him tell Mr. Johnston he expected he would be shot and asked him if he would send word to his family. He said he would give him his heavy coat for his trouble. Later, the man was shot.

After Miller was shot, his body was left lying in the same place until the afternoon of the fifth. There were a lot of starved hogs running around owned by a colored man named Gambeli, and smelling the fresh blood they gathered around in great numbers. I went over to where the body lay, and drove off the hogs several times. As I could not keep them away myself I called my dog to assist me, but as some of the hogs had a sharp nip, the owner of the hogs, Gambeli, brought a stick to whip the dog, which of course caused trouble between Gambeli and me, as I accused him of wanting to have

the hogs eat the body. He said "Let them eat the Rebel up." After several threats he left, and after dark I left, as I thought it was not safe to watch the body in the dark out there.

Next afternoon a man came with a spade and dug a hole about three feet deep and as long as his legs, and shut poor Miller up like a jack knife, head and feet together, rolled him in and covered the body with the soil. That was the end of Miller of Vermillion, Ohio..

I never saw any of his family, but some years after I saw a friend of the family, and told him of Miller's request to me while lying wounded on the battle field, which he promised to deliver to the family.

As I stated before, the second company of Rebels were in full retreat for Hog Island. There were no boats that they could secure along the river bank except a seine boat and several canoes, which they made good use of to get away. But the volunteers were too close on them, and part of the company found their retreat cut off. They scattered for the country, each man for himself. There were some captured and brought back to Windsor and halted on the commons near where the guard house stood. There was one company of volunteers there under the command of Colonel John Prince. He commanded the company to form in line, ordered the wagon load of Rebels out of the wagon and shot. There were a number of the most influential and prominent citizens of the district gathered there at the time the order was given. They surrounded the colonel, and all advised him not to shoot those men as they were prisoners and could be disposed of afterwards. While they were talking with Colonel Prince, I noticed one of the Rebels put his hand on the side of the wagon box, jump out, take a few steps from the wagon and throw the front of his coat and vest open and call out "Shoot! as I might as well be shot now as any time." At that, Parson Johnston, Colonel Askin and Judge Elliott went to the man and told him to get back into the wagon, as there were plenty there who would shoot him quick enough. He got back into the wagon. I understood he was from Boston, Massachusetts. Those citizens who had collected there were,

as far as I can recollect, Judge Elliott, Parson Johnston, Colonel Askin, Messrs. Mercer, Varhoff, James Dougall, F. Baby and Dr. McCurdy. These gentlemen carried their point, the company were formed in line again with the wagon-load of prisoners in the centre and marched to Sandwich.

Soon after arriving there, Colonel Prince formed the company into firing line facing south. Then he gave the captured Rebels a running chance for their lives; they were all to start from a line, and any that got over the fences and clear into the country were to go free. I believe there was not one who got clear over the fence.

The first I saw of Colonel Prince on the fourth was when the company came back to Windsor with the Rebel prisoners. At first sight I did not recognize the colonel, as I expected to see him in his uniform. But he came out in his hunting suit—grey coat, short coat and pants, a red-fox skin fur cap, long fur gloves and black sword belt. Captain Broderick, with a detachment of the 34th Regiment in wagons, and Lieutenant Airey, of the Artillery, with a field piece, and Captain Ironsides, with some twenty Indians mounted, came up from Amherstburg. Colonel Airey of the Regulars stationed at Amherstburg, or old Fort Malden, arrived in the middle of the day with one piece of artillery with two teams. The artillery company, after a very hard drive, did not stop in Windsor only to learn where the rebel company had gone, and came up to the rebels as they were hurrying their men across to Hog Island. Several had landed and other canoes were near the island, when the colonel commenced firing with ball, which soon cleared the south shore of the island.

It was reported at the time that one canoe had just landed, and all had jumped out as a ball hit the canoe and split it in two, and another ball took the head off one of the Rebels on the island. As those who left the river bank for the country or the men who were after them were not in sight, Colonel Airey returned to Amherstburg.

There is one part of the battle of the fourth of December, 1838, that I have not given credit or even mentioned, the part

taken by General Brady of the United States army, and militia company of Michigan state troops, the Brady Guards, then of Detroit. When General Brady was informed the Rebels had landed in Canada and set fire to a steamer and building in Windsor, he immediately gave orders to have the steamer Erie, a river boat, to be got ready as quickly as possible. As the boat had laid up and boiler blown off, it took some time to pump up and make connections of pipes, but the boat was ready by noon. General Brady then marched the Brady Guards on board, with one piece of artillery besides their arms. Then he started up the river, as General Brady said he intended to stop any more crossing into Canada and prevent them returning back to the American shore if he could get there in time. But when he got up to where they had been crossing to the island, Colonel Airey had done his work so well there was nothing left for General Brady to do. So he ran up into Lake St. Clair to see if there were any steamboats up in the lake with men on board waiting to get a chance to land, but there was no boat on the lake. He returned and ran down the river to the islands, but all was quiet there. He returned to Detroit at night, kept up steam and guard on duty watching for any other move, but it did not come.

I suppose some will wonder what became of the wounded and dead Rebels from the battle. On December the fifth, late in the afternoon, there was a wagon loaded with seven dead Rebels all frozen stiff. As it was late and very cold, they were left lying in the wagon until the morning of the sixth. Then men came and dug a pit about six feet wide and seven feet long and about five feet deep. The bodies were rolled into the pit, with a little hay shaken over the bottom; they were put in just as they lay in the wagon. After all were in, they were levelled down, two pieces of fence rails were laid across them, old inch boards were laid on the rails, single thickness, then the pit was filled up. This pit was then in the orchard, as near as I can recollect, about twenty rods from the south-west corner of the St. Louis' double house, then standing on the front line of the orchard; the south-west corner of the McKee planing mill covers the same ground. (This agrees with Mr. Dougall's account except as to number of bodies. F. C.)

As there is some mistake about the number of Rebels killed and buried in Windsor after the battle, so far as I know there were ten, as follows: the seven I have mentioned in the hole in the orchard; Miller, who was shot and buried north of Johnston's house; and one Rebel shot by the guard on their first attack and buried on the commons where he fell, (I never heard his name); and General Putman, who was buried where he fell when trying to escape to the second company. His body was removed by his friends several years after. The men killed belonging to the volunteers were four, all buried in Sandwich, Dr. Hume and the three guards who were wounded and burnt to a crisp in the guard house. Those remains that were found while digging cellars on Sandwich Street were the remains of soldiers in the British army, who occupied those log barracks in eighteen hundred and twelve-thirteen or later, as it was a by-word among the boys of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven and thirty-eight of joking those who lived near the old buildings, wanting to know if they saw any ghosts at night as they lived in a soldiers' grave yard. If any old guns, shovels or human bodies were found, they were deposited there before the rebellion of thirty-seven and thirty-eight.

Soon after, there were reports of strangers appearing in different parts of the country, that some of those men some days after were seen crossing the ice on Lake St. Clair and others went around the head of the lake through the marshes, but there were some who were picked up dead through the country after the battle of Windsor.

The volunteers were changed around. There were two companies stationed at Windsor in rented buildings, the company of Captain Sparks' and Captain Bell's Kent Volunteers. At that time there were many of the farmers who turned out with the first order for men with nothing but a blanket across their shoulders until arms were secured by sleigh loads. Their places were filled by others enlisting, but the people of Windsor felt safe with their two companies. Some Regulars took the Volunteers' places in the old barracks in Sandwich.

During the winter of thirty-nine there was nothing of importance happened, only drill and guard duty along the

frontier. As the rivers and lakes were frozen over solid they were prepared for another attack, but it did not come. The Government at that time ordered new barracks built in Sandwich, outside of the square around the old stone barracks, enclosing the square except a space to the south side fronting Bedford Street. Those buildings were of solid pine logs sawed square, with doors and windows for each building as required, all on the inside wall facing the square. The outside wall was pierced with one continued row of port holes or loop holes, the proper height for musket shooting from the floor. There were block houses built on Bois Blanc and Fighting Islands with guards stationed there by regular troops from Fort Malden. About 1840 the Volunteers' time ran out, but they enlisted again; the companies were formed into battalions for three years. Then they were all ordered to Sandwich, as the Regulars were ordered to Fort Malden or Amherstburg. The new companies' officers were Captain Sparks, Lieutenant Arthur Rankin, Ensign Jonathan C. Richardson, Dr. Dewson, (hospital); Sergeants Hill and Edward Watson, and Corporal Reeves. The contractors for supplies for the troops were Jas. Tyres, bread for both Windsor and Sandwich; John Stokes, Sr., meats. Sandwich stores at Windsor, Phelan and Fahy, got the contract when the company first came to Windsor after the battle of December fourth, 1838. I was clerk in their store at that time. The stores only ordered such supplies in the Fall as would carry them through to Spring, as it all came by sail-vessels from Kingston or Toronto, or by teams from London or from Detroit.

The next Summer the two companies were ordered to Sandwich, so I shipped on the brig John Dougall, a regular trader between Kingston and Windsor, touching at way ports. After being away about a year I came back to Sandwich and went in the store of Joseph Pickering, as he had some Government contracts for the troops. I was in his employ for about one year. During that time there was no disturbance with the enemy, but our officers wished to keep up their military dignity and honor. They had some disputes among themselves which caused a challenge and a duel, when there were some slight scars, but no one was killed.

BATTLE OF WINDSOR.

John H. Harmon's Story of the Last Fight in the Patriot War.

The following is John H. Harmon's narrative, as copied from the Detroit Free Press of December 7th, 1884:

I was a young printer in Cleveland in the fall of 1838. At that time there was a great deal of agitation in Canada, many of the people in that country wishing to be annexed to the United States. They were known as Patriots.

Societies called "Hunters' Lodges" were organized. They were military organizations, and under obligation to march to Canada and assist in separating the Provinces from the British Crown. * * * There was hardly anything else talked of along the border in those days.

I united with the Cleveland Hunters' Lodge. Towards the close of November the Ohio Hunters were ordered to march, and 400 of us proceeded to Detroit. Contributions had been made for their support, and some of the citizens of Detroit supplied provisions. Quarrels and dissensions among the men and officers soon reduced the company, and when the word was given to advance only 137 men embarked for the enterprise. I stood by the gang plank and counted them by order of Gen. Lucus B. Bierce, of Akron, Ohio, commanding officer. John Griswold, brother of ex-State Senator Griswold, stood upon the other side of the gang plank. We were led to believe that as soon as we appeared in Canada the people would rise to welcome us as friends.

It did not take long after we had landed to find out that all this was a great mistake.

The evening of December 3, 1838, was dark and cold; there was no moon, and it was concluded that the time had come to make the invasion. We were ordered to rendezvous at the wharf at foot of Rivard street at 12 o'clock at night. A party of Hunters had earlier in the evening seized the steamboat Champlain, a passenger boat running between Detroit and Buffalo.

The captain and crew understood what was up, and did not care to violate the neutrality laws. They therefore went ashore. We selected firemen, engineers and pilots from our own number, and proceeded slowly up stream to the rendezvous.

The Champlain, without fire or light visible, anchored in the channel until the appointed hour; then the anchor was raised, the landing made and the Hunters quietly embarked. The surface of the river was covered with drifting ice. We made the landing on the Canadian side opposite Hog Island, as Belle Isle was then called, and on the south side of a creek which empties in the Detroit River about four miles above Windsor. The farm, I believe, was then known as Alex. Pellette's. The command was given to go ashore as silently as possible to avoid waking up the farmers.

It was three o'clock on the morning of December 4th, 1838, when we, 137 strong, took up our line of march for Windsor.

We expected the Champlain would remain at the landing. There was a barracks in the town in a field across the road near where the Great Western Ry. station is now. Our purpose was to surround this barracks and capture everything in it. Moving along rapidly and silently in the frosty air of the early morning, daylight began to dawn as we approached Windsor. Before we were in sight of it, a man was observed to come from the river shore and hasten towards the barracks. Suspecting that it was some one from Detroit who had rowed over to give the alarm, he was fired at and fell. Our suspicion was correct, the man was a Detroit saloon keeper. The shot which laid him low also alarmed the military and the sleeping town. Our expectation of surprising the barracks was foiled. We surrounded the barracks, and were fired at by the soldiers from the loop-holes. As we advanced close to the building—a large frame structure—the soldiers inside were unable to get the range. Our men were safe when directly under the eaves. I was acting as aid to Gen. Bierce; he commanded me to find a man to set fire to the barracks. Thinking I could do it sooner

than find a man I proceeded to the house of a negro close by, who opened the door for me * * * a brisk fire was kindled in the old-fashioned fireplace. I seized a few brands and ran back to the barracks, some of the siding was torn off, the clapboards ignited, and in a moment or two the whole structure was in a blaze. The negro having noted this, and also that the Canadian militiamen came tumbling out, firing at us as they appeared, ran away to the next field, halted and shouted back "God Save the Queen." He was fired at and fell.

The barracks being on fire, the militiamen had no recourse but to escape from it. A number got away through a back door which we had overlooked; others as they came out were fired at, and others again were made prisoners. According to our estimate, made at the time, 16 of the militiamen who were in the barracks were killed in trying to escape. One man who fell lifeless near the door was caught under some blazing material, which dropped on him and burned his body up. I am now uncertain as to the number killed, and have talked the matter over with Col. Rankin and other Canadians who were in the fight, who think that very few men were killed at the barracks. Some 15 surrendered to us; we took their arms and guarded them for a short time, and afterwards, under pressure of looking out for ourselves, let them go.

The barracks being demolished and all of the militiamen there out of the combat, Gen. Bierce next expected to encounter the main body of troops, who were at Sandwich, and probably by this time on their way to Windsor to meet the invaders. He therefore ordered Captains Putnam and Harvell, the former a grandson of the old General Israel Putnam, to station themselves with 100 men in an orchard back of Windsor—as Windsor was then a dozen houses or so—not more than 30 rods from the road. As for himself, Gen. Bierce, with the remainder of the men, about 35 of us all told, advanced into Windsor itself to hold it. The steamboat Thames, belonging to the McGregor Bros., still I am glad to know living and in good health, much respected citizens of Windsor, lay at the wharf.* Gen. Bierce, with a view to avenge the Caroline,

* This is a mistake. The boat was owned by Duncan McGregor, of Chatham. (F. C.)

which had been burned the year before and sent drifting over Niagara Falls, ordered me to take three men and fire the Thames. "Remember the Caroline," everyone in our command shouted as I and my three men started down hill on a run with brands from the burning barracks. I never had so much trouble in my life to kindle a fire. We gathered a lot of the furniture that was in the cabin and set that agoing, then a fire at the stern and another at the bow. After that the flames soon shot up. We hurried back to our comrades and took our place in the line.

Death of Dr. Hume.

Dr. Hume, a very handsome man, a surgeon in the British forces, in undress uniform, rode up on a horse. He evidently did not know who we were, but came on close to the line. Capt. Scott demanded that he surrender. Dr. Hume did not realize what was up and said, "To whom shall I surrender?" The answer of Scott was, "To the Patriots." The doctor quietly dismounted and started to leave us, saying: "Never, to a set of — rebels." As soon as he refused to surrender, Scott gave the order to fire; a dozen bullets pierced his body and he fell dead.

The Battle of the Orchard.

At the same time that Dr. Hume was shot we heard firing in the orchard. Gen. Bierce ordered me to take the doctor's horse and go and see the situation there. It was about seven o'clock and quite light. I mounted the horse, and started on a gallop for the orchard. I had not gone much further than the gap in the fence when a glance gave me the whole affair. The orchard was surrounded by a large force of the Canadians, whom I afterwards ascertained were commanded by Col. John Prince of Sandwich, Captain Sparks and Ensign Rankin. This force thus commanded numbered some six companies, and they were playing havoc with our poor men in the orchard. The firing was sharp, and the end must soon come—that I saw at the first glance.

A group of officers surrounded Col. Prince; some of them saw me, and recognizing the horse and trappings as those of Dr. Hume, assumed without further thought that I was that gentleman, especially as I had pulled in the horse to a walk and was headed for a course which would take me near the officers, on my way to the rear. I therefore let my horse walk, and looking toward the orchard saw Harvell, the big Kentuckian, with the colors in his hand, probably directing a hopeless retreat. Harvell was six feet two inches tall and weighed over 200 pounds. He wore his hair very long; his age was 40, and, except for dress, he was a veritable Davy Crockett, brave, impulsive and kind hearted. The flag was a large white star in a blue field—the lone star of Canada. When I saw Harvell he was retreating with the flag, but his movements were impeded by a wound in the ankle or thereabouts. Considering escape hopeless, all at once he turned and, dropping on one knee, began to fire on his pursuers. He made several shots, but none were returned at him, the purpose probably being to take him alive, he was so large and handsome a man. His ammunition was quickly exhausted, and then reaching back of his coat collar he drew out from between his shoulders a very large bowie knife. This he brandished in a menacing way. The order was given instantly to fire on him. He fell, retaining his hold on the flag staff. With his death the fight in the orchard ended. He was buried on the site of the burned barracks. Ensign Rankin captured the flag.

A Hurried Retreat.

It takes a long time to tell of this incident, but it occurred in a very short space of time, the few minutes in which my horse walked from the gap in the fence towards the group of officers surrounding Col. Prince. Although passing within eight feet of Rankin and some of the others, none of them recognized me or dreamed that the horse was bestrode by anyone but Dr. Hume. I left them in my rear, crossed the field, turned the corner, got into the road and made my way back safely to Gen. Bierce. My report that all was up set the whole detachment in quick motion for the Champlain, still supposed to be lying at Pelette's farm, four miles above Windsor. It

was every man for himself, but we kept together in a body, I still retaining the horse. The presence of Gen. Bierce's detachment in Windsor had not been observed by any of Col. Prince's command. The houses concealed us as we passed up the road. We were not seen, and consequently not pursued. When we came to our landing place of the morning the Champlain had disappeared. We began a search for canoes and soon had half a dozen, but no paddles. I rode up a lane before embarking, to see if any of our comrades of the main body were in sight. In a little while I noticed a good way off a part of Col. Prince's command with a piece of artillery. At the same moment they observed me, and as I drew off one way they drew off in another, probably fearing an ambushade. For lack of paddles we used the stocks of our guns to get the canoes over to Hog Island. When on the island the canoes were abandoned, and we walked across to the opposite side. A single canoe was found there, with which the party, a few at a time, were ferried over. Gen. Bierce was one of the first to go over. Our detachment of 30 comprehended every one of the expedition who escaped. The remaining 107 were either killed or wounded and made prisoners, probably the larger number were killed. The survivors were tried, and most of them sent to Van Dieman's Land. I was with five others in the last canoe that started from Belle Isle for the main shore. The steamboat Erie having the Brady Guards on board was close to hand, for the purpose of capturing all persons violating the neutrality laws of the United States. We dropped our guns overboard, and waited for the Erie to come up. We were taken prisoners, and ordered to appear before Mayor Payne, who was in command under Gen. Brady. He asked me what I was doing in Canada, and various other questions. I did not admit that I had been in Canada, and informed him that he had captured me on Hog Island, American soil. The Mayor finally ordered me ashore in a very severe voice.

BATTLE OF WINDSOR.

James Dougall's Account.

The following is an extract from the account of the late Mr. James Dougall of the battle, in a letter to the Detroit Free Press, published Feb. 15, 1885. I may state here that Mr. Dougall was a prominent merchant in the town at this time and subsequently Mayor of Windsor for several years. After stating the unpreparedness of the inhabitants to meet any attack by reason of want of arms, ammunition, etc., he says:

A meeting of magistrates was held, of which I was one, to see what could be done for our defense: Mr. Wm. Alderton, Collector of Customs at Windsor, was appointed commissary, and I was assigned to the charge of the ferries to guard against any suspicious persons coming over from Detroit. But where to get arms, ammunition and provisions to supply the volunteers and militia we decided on organizing was the trouble, as we had none and no money to buy them with.

Providentially, I had a large sum of money past me deposited in the Bank of Michigan, Detroit, ready to send to England for the purchase of my spring goods. This I freely placed at the disposal of the magistrates. With a part of it the late Thos. Paxton, of Amherstburg, procured from Monroe, Mich., several hundred barrels of flour and pork, and with the rest of it we purchased through my friend, the late Dr. W. L. Whiting, then a commission merchant in Detroit, all the arms and ammunition that could be got in Detroit, and had them quietly boxed up ready to send when our boats could come for them. We sent over several row boats, which got safely loaded, but just as they were ready to shove off Dr. Theller, with about 100 followers, came rushing down the street at the foot of which our boats were loading, yelling and cursing, he having somehow got wind of it, but only at the last moment, too late to arm themselves or stop the boats. These were shoved off at once, and had got partly under way when Theller reached the wharf. The only offensive thing they could lay their hands on was some cord wood, which they

pitched with all their fury after the boats, but which fell a few feet short of striking them. [Here follows an account of the attempt with the schooner Ann to take Fort Malden, Jan. 6, 1838, which failed.]

Very few are now alive who took part in the battle of Windsor, except Col. Rankin and myself. On the morning of Dec. 4, I was awakened long before daybreak by brisk firing. On looking out I saw a great fire, and was told that the rebels had crossed and burnt the barracks, shooting the volunteers as they came out.

For some time, in expectation of their coming, I had kept my horses harnessed and man sitting up to be ready at a moment's warning to send my family away. I at once sent my wife and children down to Sandwich, it being the headquarters of militia. Being at that time agent of the Commercial Bank of Kingston, and having a large sum of money (nearly \$20,000) in the safe in my office, and fearing it would fall into the hands of the rebels, I went there to get it. After getting the money out of the safe and securing it in my pockets, I went back to the house, got my gun, locked up the premises and started. When nearly half way to Sandwich, I met Capt. Sparks' company of volunteers coming up. Col. Rankin, then lieutenant, was with his company. They wore a scarlet uniform, were well drilled and had all the appearance and efficiency of regular British soldiers. Turning with them we soon reached the field of the late Mr. Francis Baby, better known in Detroit as Col. Baby, he having borne that rank in Gen. Brock's army at the taking of Detroit from Gen. Hull. There we saw about 100 men drawn up under some large pear trees on the edge of the orchard. Capt. Sparks ordered his men to advance in open order at double quick time. As we did so across the open field they fired a volley at us, but in their trepidation they fired too high, none of the balls taking effect, though we heard them whistling close overhead.

Capt. Sparks ordered his men to fire, which they did as they advanced on the run, and some eight or ten of the enemy fell at the first volley. The rest broke and ran back towards

the woods. One man carried a very large flag, which trailed behind him on the ground. In the excitement of the moment I called out, "A hundred dollars to whoever shoots the standard-bearer." He fell immediately after that, pierced by several bullets. He had not time to kneel down, load and fire several shots or draw a knife, as described by Mr. Harmon, nor as far as I could see, did any of them fire after the first volley.

Col. Prince being at his own residence back of Sandwich, did not get the alarm till after Capt. Sparks' company had left. I understood afterwards that he had been sitting up with some friends expecting an attack. Without waiting to put on his uniform, he started on foot dressed as he was in a shooting jacket and wolf skin cap and hurried up to Windsor. But he did not overtake us till we had got about half a mile back, near where Mr. Walker's hop-drying house now stands. He at once ordered the pursuit to be discontinued, and ordered the troops to cross the fields down to his residence at Sandwich, which he said he had certain information was to be attacked.

Col. Baby, the two Col. Askins and myself wished him not to do so, as we believed a considerable portion of the enemy were still in Windsor. As we could not prevail, we retraced our steps to Windsor. On our way, passing a two story frame building, recently a part of McKee's planing mill, we saw two armed men with muskets rush out, capture and take prisoner a negro just ahead of us. I again hurried down to Sandwich to get Col. Prince to come up and drive out the rebels. Meeting Mr. Rankin there, he went with me to Col. Prince, informing him that Windsor was still in possession of the rebels. After waiting an hour or more, Capt. Broderick with a detachment of the Thirty-fourth Regiment in wagons and Lieut. Airey of the Artillery with a field piece, together with Capt. Ironsides and some twenty or more mounted Indians from the Indian reserve came up in haste from Amherstburg. Capt. Broderick would not stop, but drove on without waiting. I jumped into the artillery wagon and went with them. When we reached Windsor, we found the enemy had evacuated it and retreated up the river. Hurrying on, hoping to overtake them, we were stopped and told there was a rebel hiding in a barn. I jumped down, saying I would bring him. Before

going into the barn, I took a look behind it, in case he might be retreating to the woods. Seeing a man at the opposite corner with a gun in his hand, I was just going to shoot when he called out, "Don't shoot, Mr. Dougall, it is me." I found he was one of the Indians, Mr. White (Mr. Sol. White's father), who had followed to aid me in taking the prisoner, whom we found hid in the barn. Capt. Broderick sent him to Windsor in charge of two men.

On proceeding further, where there was a high bank, we saw a canoe full of men nearly across the river making for Hog Island (now Belle Isle). We fired, but the men threw themselves down in the canoe and got to shore. They landed about where Mr. Willis' cottage was afterwards built. The men ran towards the woods, getting a parting shot to hurry them off.

As there was nothing else to be done, we returned to Windsor. On the way down I met Dr. W. L. Whiting coming up in a buggy, and got in with him. Shortly after we met Col. Prince and his command, who returned with us to Windsor.

I had then the opportunity for the first time of inspecting the burnt barracks. There were some five charred corpses lying close by the building, but they were so disfigured they could not be recognized, and whether they were friends or foes we could not tell. As far as I can learn only one of our men was killed, named Nantais. He was shot in the pursuit back in the fields near the woods by a man from behind a fence, who was in turn shot by Nantais' companion, Charlie Lapan. The next morning the young men said they had found a dead body near a fence on the Goyeau farm. Col. Baby and I identified it as Gen. Putnam. He had been shot through the forehead by Lapan. The body was buried in the field, a little behind where the Oddfellows' block now stands on Sandwich street. Several years after Mrs. Putnam came to disinter the body, but owing to the increase of the town and the consequent altered features of the place neither Mr. Horace Davenport nor I, who were present at the burial, could identify the spot, and the body still lies in an unknown grave.

Those killed at the battle of Windsor, some ten or twelve, including the Kentucky Colonel, as he was then called, were buried in one deep grave in the lower corner of Col. Baby's orchard, where Church street now is, near the planing mill.

It was not till a day or two after that men were sent into the woods and along the road to Chatham to endeavor to capture the fugitives, but owing to the delay they failed to find any, except two bodies, frozen to death, beside a large tree. Many years after I learned from Mr. John McAlister, now a resident of Windsor, that while lumbering in the woods in the township of Rochester and Tilbury he learned that those who escaped were hid in the lofts and garrets of the farmers until Lake St. Clair was frozen sufficiently to cross over to Michigan.

In correction to Mr. Harmon's mistake, I may mention that the steamer Thames never was chartered by the government, but was laid up for the winter at Mr. John Van Allen's wharf. Mr. Duncan McGregor, of Chatham, owned the boat, not the McGregor brothers. After Dr. Hume was shot, Dr. Morse galloped back to Sandwich, followed by Dr. Hume's horse. Mr. Harmon, therefore, could not have mounted the doctor's horse, or in fact any other horse and rode into the battle-field, passing Col. Prince and a group of officers, as Col. Prince did not reach his officers till they were half a mile back from the river, previous to which he had been alone.

Sixty men under Capt. Sparks were all that commenced the battle of Windsor. Shortly after, a company of militia under Major Fox arrived. These were all the men engaged in the battle on our side, as Col. Prince did not bring up his troops from Sandwich till afterwards.

Those taken at the battle of Windsor were all shot. They were shot by Col. Prince's orders, who was justly enraged at the murder and after mutilation of Dr. Hume.

THE BATTLE OF WINDSOR.

By Friend Palmer.

The following extract is taken from Friend Palmer's "Early Days in Detroit." Palmer came to Detroit in May, 1827, from New York State, leaving Buffalo in the steamboat Henry Clay, and reaching Detroit in two or three days. He says:

The Henry Clay, Captain Norton, was a floating palace, we thought, and we greatly enjoyed the time spent on it. It had no cabin or upper deck. When you desired to retire for the night, or for meals, downstairs or between decks you had to go. When Captain Norton appeared on Jefferson avenue clad in his blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, nankeen pants and vest and low shoes with white stockings, not forgetting the ruffle shirt and tall hat, he was the observed of all observers.

The windmills along the river attracted our wondering attention. They were located on the Canadian side of the river, one on the point opposite the residence of the late Joseph Taylor and two above Walkerville. Two companies of British regulars, in their red coats, were going through their drill on the green in front of the old Huron Catholic Church. The Indians in their canoes attracted our attention, as did the horse ferry-boat, John Burtis, captain, that plied between Detroit and Windsor. It was called the "Olive Branch," a scow-constructed craft, propelled by horses, and resembled a "cheese box on a raft."

In regard to the Patriot War of 1838 and 1839 I was on Jones' dock, the Detroit side of the river, directly in rear of the old Board of Trade building on Woodbridge street, shortly after the Patriots crossed the river on the steamboat Champlain. The noise of the exploding musketry in the short battle between the Canadian Militia and the Patriots in the Baby orchard woke me early. I surmised what it meant, and on reaching the dock I saw the steamer in flames, at the dock in

Windsor, a short distance above the present ferry dock, and the barracks, a large yellow building, just this side of the steamer, was also ablaze. I think the Patriots, who got badly worsted in their short scrimmage with the Canadians in the orchard, set them on fire in their hurry-scurry to get away up the river; part of them took to the Canadian woods. Soon a battery of British artillery from Malden, I think, came tearing up the River road and pushed on in hot pursuit of the fugitives, but they did not succeed in capturing any of the retreating Patriots.

In the meantime those who had taken the River road reached the two old windmills that stood on the bank of the river just above Walkerville. They availed themselves of six or eight canoes that luckily appeared in sight drawn up on the river bank, and pushed off for the American shore. Some of them met with disaster. The artillery gained the further mill just about the time the fugitives reached the middle of the river, and from that point they opened upon them with grape and canister. We could plainly see puffs of smoke at every discharge. They did not do much damage, only wounding three or four slightly. Some got across the river safely; the remainder, including the wounded, were taken prisoners by the "Brady Guards," Captain Rowland, and under the immediate personal command of Gen. Hugh Brady, who were on the steamer Erie patrolling the river in the interests of the neutrality laws. Those who escaped and remained in Canada got back safely after a while.

During this time, the little steamboat Erie got away from the dock between Woodward avenue and Griswold street, where it was waiting the Brady Guards to get aboard. At-water street in that vicinity, and indeed the entire river front, was filled with a howling mob, who deeply sympathized with the Patriots. When the Brady Guards appeared, headed by Capt. Rowland and Gen. Brady, a howl of derision went up from the crowd, but Gen. Brady, Rowland and the men behind them with their muskets paid no attention to the howlers, but boarded the steamer without molestation.

The reason I surmised that the musket firing on that December morning meant trouble, was that a short time previous to the trouble I was invited to an informal meeting of the members of a "Hunters' Lodge," so named by the Patriots. While at this meeting, I gleaned from the conversation going on around me that in the near future a demonstration would be made against our neighbors on the other side of the river, but the time and place I could not ascertain. It was at this meeting that I first saw and got acquainted with the late John Harmon, and the acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship that lasted until his death. At this meeting I saw Col. E. J. Roberts, Dr. Theller and others. One of the Patriots who ventured across the river and took an active part in the affair related to me some of the details of the expedition. He said that after they had marched off the steamboat on the Canada side some — rascals set it on fire, and there they were "sink or swim." They proceeded down the road to the barracks, a large frame building occupied by a company of Canadian soldiers. They fired on the advancing Patriots without damage. The fire was returned with a charge on the barracks. The enemy left in short order and retired to the Baby orchard, where the Patriots followed them, and where the latter got worsted and were scattered, some being taken prisoners on the spot, others fleeing for their lives up the river towards what is now Walkerville, and still others took to the fields and roads leading into the country, all pursued by the victorious Canadians. My informant said he took to the roads, and being fleet of foot soon outdistanced his pursuers. He got shelter in a farmer's barn, where he remained quiet for several days, and afterwards ventured into Windsor concealed in a load of hay the farmer was bringing in, got to the river, stole a canoe and paddled across to Detroit out of danger.

The Baby orchard, where the battle came off, was nearly opposite the building now occupied by the Ferry seed store. Among other incidents connected with this scrimmage was one of a most melancholy nature; that was the murder of Dr. Hume, of the British army. He was at Sandwich after the militia left, and came riding up alone on horseback. He was

shot by the Patriots without mercy. His body was thrown into a hog pen and partially devoured before his friends had time to rescue it. The distressing occurrence was the talk of the town, and was regretted by all. I visited the scene of the battle in the orchard two or three days after it occurred, as also the spot where the doctor fell.

THE BATTLE OF WINDSOR.

The following incident connected with this battle was told me by Mr. Victor Ouellette, late postmaster of Sandwich:

I was thirteen years of age at this time and was sent by my father, Jean Baptiste, with my mother to Sandwich. On our way we met three or four companies of volunteers on their way to Windsor, and a little later Col. Prince on horseback, dressed in his shooting coat and with a large coon-skin cap on his head.

My brother Denis was clerking in Berhoeff's store, on the river bank, just opposite where Glengarry avenue now is. The brigands entered the store and helped themselves to what they wanted, but my brother was not harmed.

On the same afternoon Mr. James Dougall, who was a merchant at Windsor, came down to Sandwich, and I was present when he came to Pierre Marentette's gun shop and said to Mr. Marentette, "I have heard that you are the man who shot the man carrying the flag for the rebels." Mr. Marentette said he was. Then Mr. Dougall said there was a reward of \$25 for this, and he drew the amount in gold out of his pocket and offered it to Marentette, who said, "No, Mr. Dougall, I cannot take it; I was not fighting for money, I was fighting for the country." Mr. Dougall tried to persuade him to accept it, but he still refused. I remember that at this battle a man named Nantais, who was a hunter and a good shot, was with the volunteers and pursued the rebels when they retreated to the woods and was shot and killed while doing so.—Victor Ouellette.

HISTORY OF FORT MALDEN OR AMHERSTBURG.

By Francis Cleary.

Read at the annual meeting of the Ontario Historical Society
at London on September 11th, 1908.

At last Canadians are awakening to the importance and necessity of making an effort to preserve and restore the historical battlefields and other landmarks of this country. This is seen in the great interest taken in the recent proposal of His Excellency Earl Grey for the conversion into a park and the restoration of the battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and of St. Foye at Quebec.

It is an opportune time to draw the attention of the Government and of others in the immediate localities to do something to reclaim and preserve the old forts and historical landmarks of lesser note in other parts of the country. These are rapidly passing away, and their preservation would do much to strengthen "the tie that binds," and make those of the present day feel proud of their ancestors, and to respect and honor the men who in 1812 and again in 1838-1839 helped to defend this country, and handed down to us the glorious heritage which we now possess.

In the early history of Upper Canada this western peninsula, the County of Essex, came into notice on account of the stirring events which took place on its border, second only to those which took place on the Niagara frontier.

Fort Amherstburg, or Fort Malden, as the name under which it became better known, deserves the attention of the Government and of those interested in the reclamation of historical landmarks.

For the following account of this fort I am indebted to extracts taken from "Early Amherstburg," published in January, 1902, by Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, and "Fort Malden," by Rev. Thomas Nat-

tress, B. A., of Amherstburg, published two years later. Mr. James says he found that Fort Malden did not exist in the early days, but that Fort Amherstburg did. I found that three different forts had been constructed, or partly constructed, at Amherstburg at different times, and that the first was officially known as Fort Amherstburg; that the second was known both as Fort Amherstburg and as Fort Malden; and that the third, constructed subsequent to 1837, bore the name of Fort Malden.

The war of American Independence was brought to a close in 1783; Oswego, Niagara and Detroit remained as British posts until their evacuation in 1796, Detroit being transferred in July of that year.

The late Judge Woods, of Chatham, in referring to this event in "Harrison Hall and Its Associations," says this may be called the "Exodus Act," as it provided for the departure of British authority from Detroit to Sandwich * * * and that from the passing of the said Act (3rd June, 1796,) the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Western District shall be held in the Parish of Assumption (afterwards called Sandwich), in such place as may be now found most convenient to the Magistrates of said district, on the second Tuesday in the months of July, October, January and April, until such time as it shall seem expedient to the Justices or a majority of them to remove and hold the same nearer to the island called the Isle of Bois Blanc, being near the entrance of the Detroit river.

The last Court of Quarter Sessions held in Detroit was in January, 1796, and the removal took place to Sandwich that summer.

After this date no doubt many of those stationed at Detroit, officers and men, removed to Sandwich and Amherstburg.

On June 7th, 1784, the Huron and Ottawa Indians, who claimed ownership or proprietary rights in the country surrounding Detroit, gave by treaty a tract of land seven miles square at the mouth of the Detroit river to the following Brit-

ish officers or fighters, who had been associated with them in the recent war: Alexander McKee, William Caldwell, Charles McCormack, Robin Eurphleet, Anthony St. Martin, Matthew Elliott, Henry Bird, Thomas McKee and Simon Girty. Henry Bird was given the northern section. This would be in the northern part of the Township of Malden, and would contain what is now the northern part of Amherstburg.

In 1784 the settlement of Malden Township first began. In July of that year Lieutenant-Governor Hay, of Detroit, wrote to Governor Haldimand as follows: "Several have built and improved lands who have no other pretensions than the Indians' consent to possession. Captains Bird and Caldwell are of the number, at a place they have called 'Fredericksburg.'"

On August 14th, 1784, Governor Haldimand wrote to Lieutenant-Governor Hay that Colonel Caldwell, of Colonel Butler's late corps, had applied to him for sanction to settle on the land; that he could not confirm the grant, but that they should "carry on their improvements until the land could be laid out and granted according to the King's instructions." Mr. McKee was to be directed to get the Indians to make over the land to the King, but that "two thousand yards from the centre would be reserved on all sides for the purpose of establishing a fort."

Here, as Mr. James says, we have the first suggestion of the future Fort Amherstburg and the promise of the town.

On 28th August, 1788, Lord Dorchester, who had succeeded Haldimand in the Governorship in 1786, wrote to Major Matthews to encourage settlement on the east side of the River Detroit, but that no lots must be settled upon before purchase from the Crown from the Indians, "also to report the progress made by some Loyalists in their settlement on a spot proposed for this class of men on the east side of Detroit river, and to state his ideas fully of what may be done for its further encouragement as well as for establishing a military post at that quarter."

In 1790 Major Matthews wrote from Plymouth Barracks giving a summary of his investigation in 1788. He stated that he went from Quebec to Detroit in 1787 with instructions from Lord Dorchester. He said should this post (meaning Detroit) be given up, and another taken, the most convenient place will be at the entrance of the river, upon a point at present occupied by some officers and men who served in the war as Rangers with the Indians. The channel for ships runs between this point and Isle Aux Bois Blanc, which should also be fortified, the distance from each to mid-channel about 200 yards. There is a fine settlement running 20 miles from this point on the north side to the lake. Here in 1788 is the reference to the future post at Amherstburg. The settlement on the north side of Lake Erie refers to what was known as "the two connected townships," (Colchester and Gosfield.)

The District of Hesse in the west had been set apart by proclamation, July 24th, 1788, and early in 1789 the Governor was authorized by Council to appoint a Land Board, and the following were appointed as the first members in 1789: Farnham Close, Esq., Major of the 65th Regiment of Foot, or the Officer Commanding at Detroit; William Dummer Powell, Esq.; Duperon Baby, Esq.; Alexander McKee, Esq.; William Robertson, Esq.; Alexander Grant, Esq.; and Ademar de St. Martin, Esq.

One of the first duties then put upon this Board was to lay out a township to be called Georgetown, but still there was delay. On August 22nd, 1789, the Land Board reported to Lord Dorchester that Mr. McNiff, the surveyor, had not yet arrived, and that none of the lands had yet been purchased from the Indians for the Crown, and that the Indians had some years before granted these lands to private individuals. Sept. 2nd, 1789, Lord Dorchester instructed the Board to receive applications from the occupants for grants, etc., and also to have Mr. McKee obtain from the Indians all the land west of Niagara for settlement, the cession to include all lands held by private individuals from the Indians by private sale, and shortly after the Board reported that all the land was claimed, and asked for power to settle the claims.

May 19th, 1790, the Indians (Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Hurons) ceded to the Crown all the land from the Chaudiere or Catfish Creek on the east to the Detroit River on the west, and from the Thames to Chenail Ecarte on the north to Lake Erie, including the grant of 1784 before referred to, but reserving a tract seven miles square north of the 1784 grant, and also a small tract at the Huron Church (Sandwich). May 3rd, 1791, Surveyor McNiff reported that two or three families live continuously on their land east of the river (Caldwell, Elliott, Lamotte, etc.,) but many more resort there in the summer to raise corn and beans. He recommended that the Indians be removed to some other reserve, suggests at Chenail Ecarte; says all the land is settled from the Reserve north to Peach Island in Lake St. Clair.

The first Legislature of Upper Canada was called to meet at Newark (Niagara) on Sept. 17th, 1792, and on January 8th, 1793, the Executive Council resolved that a Township to be called Malden be laid out at the mouth of the Detroit River; thus we see that Fredericksburg gave place to Georgetown, and this in turn to Malden.

On 8th January, 1793, it was resolved that Colonel Alex. McKee, Captains Elliott and Caldwell be the patentees of the above mentioned township, and the persons who have settled under the authority of the late Governor Hay. It was further resolved that the land lying between Captain Bird's lot and the Indian land be reserved for the Government.

We now come to the year 1796. In the Crown Land Department at Toronto is to be found the original plan of the Township of Malden. It gives the subdivision into lots, and each lot carries the name of the original grantee. It bears the name of A. Iredell, Deputy Surveyor of the Western District, and is dated Detroit, 17th April, 1796. The lots on the river number from the north to the south, 19 in all, 19 ending at the marsh that fronted on Lake Erie.

The following statement may be given of a few of the patents for these lots, with the dates and to whom issued:

Lots 1 and 2, David Cowan, east part 100 acres, July 2nd, 1807.

Lot 3, William Caldwell, all 187 acres, April 13th, 1810.

Water Lot, William Caldwell, 1 acre, Aug. 20th, 1810.

Lot 4, Alexander McKee, all, Feb. 28th, 1797.

Lot 5, Matthew Elliott, all 200 acres, Feb. 28th, 1797.

Lot 9, Archange McIntosh, half 187 acres, Nov. 25th, 1803.

Lot 11, Simon Girty, all 164 acres, March 6th, 1798.

Lot 14, Hon. James Baby, all 180 acres, July 30th, 1799.

Lots 15 and 16, Thomas McKee, all 325 acres, June 30th, 1801.

All of the above names of owners of full lots are on the Iredell map of 1796, except that on the latter Lot 1 is left vacant and Captain Bird's name appears on Lot 2. In the Crown Land record the lot to the north of Lot 1, taken from the Indian Reserve, is known as Lot A.

By agreements between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, Detroit was to be evacuated in this year, hence the necessity arose of at once making provision for the troops on the east side of the river, and of having an arsenal or depot for stores. A town and fort were necessary. Lot 1 was vacant, reserved by the Crown, and to it was added Captain Bird's Lot No. 2, which was appropriated by the Crown.

The following letter now becomes important. It was written a few weeks after the troops left Detroit:

Detroit River, Sept. 8th, 1796.

Captain Wm. Wayne, Queen's Rangers,

Commanding on the Detroit River,
opposite the Island of Bois Blanc.

To the Military Secretary, Quebec:

Suggest the gunpowder be placed on the Dunmore, soon expected to lay up there, pending the erection of temporary Magazine. "I have reason to fear that the merchants who have already erected buildings on the ground within the line of defense of the post under my command will not be easily reconciled to the sentiments of the Commander in Chief on that

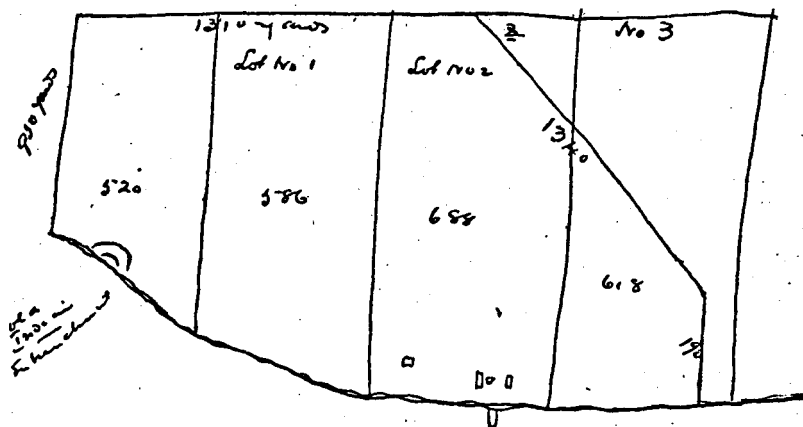
subject. They have not merely built temporary sheds; some of their buildings are valuable, and have cost to the amount of many hundred pounds, authorized in these their proceedings by Colonel England, who hitherto commanded this District; at the same time they were to hold the lots on limited terms."

He then states that there is no vacant ground in the vicinity of the garrison; Colonel McKee, Captain Caldwell and Captain Elliott claim the lots to the south; on the north is the vacant land of the Indian Reserve; to the rear the land beyond the 1,000 yards reserved is a perfect swamp. "I enclose for the Commander in Chief's inspection a plan of a town laid out by Colonel Caldwell on his own land." A reproduction of the plan accompanies the letter, showing a town laid out in lots, with streets at right angles, and a vacant square in the centre; this projected town would be in what is now the southern part of Amherstburg.

The Bird lot had just been taken over by the Government, and a garrison established there with the intention of erecting the fort.

Thus we see that in the summer of 1796 the plans are set in motion through the Military Department for the starting of a town and post opposite Bois Blanc. On January 10th, 1797, an advertisement was put in His Majesty's Post, calling for men with teams, oxen, carts, trucks, etc. This was to complete the work begun in 1796. Early in 1797 the creation of the post begins in earnest. Up to February 2nd, no special name had been given. On Feb. 9th, 1797, appears a requisition for stores for Indian presents for "Fort Amherstburg." Here for the first time the name occurs in an official document, and it no doubt came from the Military Department at Quebec.

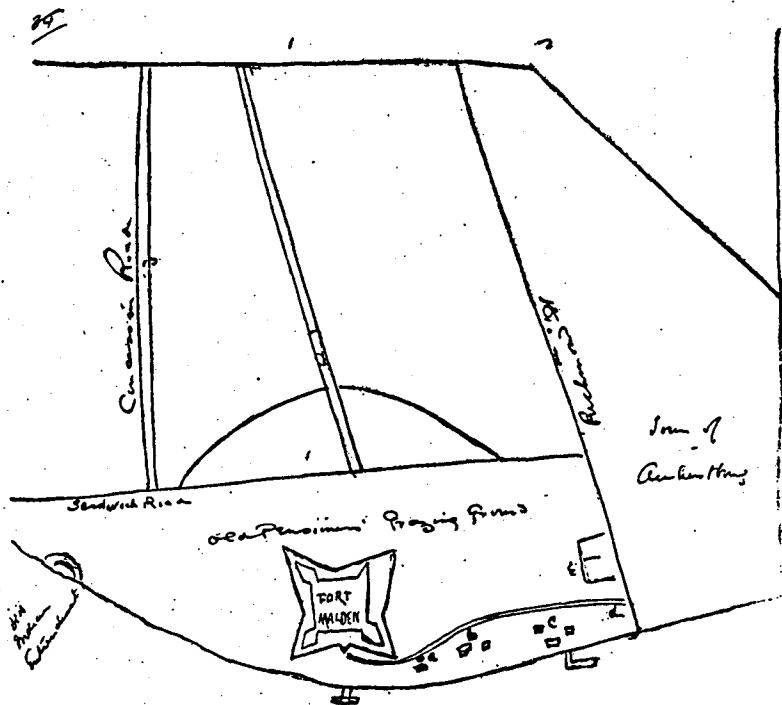
In the Crown Lands Department at Toronto is an old plan showing what was to be included that year in the Government Reservation. It is a copy made by William Chewett from the earlier plan of Iredell. On this plan it would appear that Lot No. 3 (Caldwell's) was not required, for the first town plot of Amherstburg belongs to Lot No. 2, the original Bird lot. Lot No. 1 was left vacant in the original division of



Bay's Blane

The Oldest Map.

Plan, dated 1797, showing the site of the Military Post of Amherstburg and the land originally reserved for Government use. The unnumbered lot, north of the present Alma Street, was acquired in 1800 from the Indians and is marked on the several old plans as a well-defined old Indian Encampment.



- a. Commanding Officer's Office
- b. Fort Infantry Officer's Office
- c. Commercial Premises
- d. Laid down by Ordnance Dept.

no

T. B. is Blanc

Based on Morley's Survey

This Map is More Modern and True to Fact in the Matter of Locations.

the land among the first settlers. The lot to the north of that unnumbered was acquired from the Indians, as it in several plans is marked a well-defined "Old Indian Entrenchment."

Mr. James also gives a copy of an old plan of 1828, showing the location of Amherstburg, in reference to the military Reserve. The town appears therein occupying part of Lot 2 with a line separating it (marked Richmond street and still so named) from the Military Reserve.

In the Michigan records appear letters dated from Fort Amherstburg in June, July and August, 1797. On page 267 appears the following: "Captain Forbes, of the Royal Artillery, who was on duty at Fort Amherstburg, resided in one of the houses built by Captain Bird, from July, 1797, to August, 1799."

In Vol. XXV is a sketch map of Fort Amherstburg, Town of Malden, etc., showing Indian Council house, Commissioner's house, dock-yards, etc., taken from the Colonial Office records, and the following memorandum: "Captain Bird's lot was repossessed by Government in 1796, since which time Fort Amherstburg has been constructed, the Town of Malden built, a dock-yard and other buildings previous to the year 1796."

It would appear from these documents that the fort was from the first known as "Fort Amherstburg," and that by some, at least, the group of houses outside the fort, to the south, was for a time called Malden, the same name as the Township; but there was no Fort Malden in those days.

In the Vol. XXV referred to there is a sketch given, taken from the Colonial Office records, showing the fort as a five-sided enclosure, the northernmost angle in a direct line east of the north end of Bois Blanc, the southernmost corner about opposite the middle of the island, and the little town of Malden extending south to the Caldwell lot just opposite the southern limit of Bois Blanc Island.

Mr. James continues as follows:

We pass on now to the war of 1812-1814. Barclay sailed from Amherstburg with six vessels on Sept. 9th, 1813, and on the following day his fleet met Captain Perry with his fleet of nine vessels. We all know the result of that naval engagement.

On Sept. 23rd, 1813, Colonel Proctor, then in command of the troops at Amherstburg, decided, contrary to the advice of Tecumseh, to abandon the fort. Under his orders the fort and public storehouses were burned by the soldiers, and shortly after the retreat began. General Harrison with the United States troops followed, and the disastrous battle of the Thames took place, resulting in the death of Tecumseh.

Major Richardson, the author of "The War of 1812," "Wacousta," etc., who was captured at Moraviantown at the battle of the Thames, speaks of Amherstburg, never of Malden. Lossing, the American author, in his well-known Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812, refers to Fort Malden, and gives a map of the Detroit River, showing Amherstburg town and Fort Malden. Lossing says, "The army entered Amherstburg with the band playing 'Yankee Doodle.' The loyal inhabitants had fled with the army. The ruins of Fort Malden, the dock-yard and the public stores were sending up huge volumes of smoke." He also says that there were two block-houses on the mainland in 1813, one near the fort and one near Salmoni's Hotel. Several Kentucky volunteers were taken prisoners by the Indians at the battle of the River Raisin. One of them, Elias Darnell, who served under General Winchester, published in 1854 a journal of the campaign; from which the following extracts may be made: "As he took me near Fort Malden, I took a good view of it as I could while I passed it. It stands about thirty yards from the river bank. I judged it to be about 70 or 80 yards square; the wall appeared to be built of timber and clay. The side from the river was not walled, but had double pickets and was entrenched round about four feet deep; and in the entrenchment was the second row of pickets."

Richardson, after describing the historic meeting of Proctor and Tecumseh, says on page 121:

"It having been resolved to move without loss of time, the troops were immediately employed in razing the fortifications and committing such stores as it was found impossible to remove to the flames kindled in the various public buildings, and the ports of Detroit and Amherstburg, for some days previous to our departure, presented a scene of cruel desolation."

We now call another witness, an expert witness, a contemporary record that should settle the question, if any doubt remains. In 1799 David William Smith, Surveyor General of Upper Canada, prepared and published at the request of Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe a Gazetteer of the Province. On page 49 we find the following: "Amherstburg, the military post and garrison now building at the mouth of Detroit River, in the Township of Malden."

In 1813 a second edition was published, revised by Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor. In this Amherstburg is described as a post and garrison, and there is no mention of Malden as either fort or town. Thus we see officially the settlement was known as Amherstburg from 1797 down to 1813.

In further confirmation of these facts so ably set out by Mr. James, I may be permitted here to mention another fact which came to my knowledge during the practice of my profession at Windsor. Many years ago I had occasion to search the title of Lot No. 11, First street, or Lot No. 3, on Dalhousie street, in the town of Amherstburg. This lot fronts on what is still known as Dalhousie street, the main street in the town, and on the south-east corner of said street and Gore street, and about 100 yards from the remains of the old fort. I found that this lot, or rather a portion of it, was conveyed by deed dated July 22nd, 1799, by Richard Pattinson & Co., of Sandwich, merchants, to Robert Innes & Co., also of Sandwich, merchants, and is described as "the undivided half of that certain messuage, etc., situate and being in the town near the Garrison of Amherstburg, and containing 30 feet in front by 120 feet in depth, with the dwelling house and stable

erected thereon." In the deed, which follows this, dated 23rd September, 1808, from Robert Innes to William Duff, the same lot is described as "on the Garrison ground, Amherstburg," the consideration being £362 10s 0d (\$1812.00).

Mr. James cites various authorities to show that Amherstburg was occupied by United States troops from about Sept. 27th, 1813, to July 1st, 1815, when the renewal of peace placed it in the hands of the British.

Lieutenant J. E. Portlock, of the Royal Engineers, in a report of the Post of Amherstburg, prepared in 1826, thus describes it: "The fort is square, consisting of three bastions and one semi-bastion, and in its present form was constructed by Americans. The original works, which had progressed very slowly and stood unfinished at the approach of the enemy during the last war, were (as far as it was practicable to do so) destroyed by the British troops prior to their retreat from the western frontier. The Americans had advanced but a little way toward the completion of the present fort."

It would appear from further extracts that the fort, even after its re-occupation by the British, was allowed to decay, and Mr. James comes to the conclusion that the Fort Amherstburg reconstructed by the Americans in 1813 was not exactly on the same lines as that begun in 1797 and destroyed by the British in 1813, and that by 1826 the second fort had fallen into decay. He further states that it must have been at some date subsequent to this report of inspection that the fort was reconstructed and renamed, for this third fort appears to have received an official naming as Fort Malden. One authority says the building took place in 1839.

In the Crown Lands Department is a sketch entitled "The Survey of Reserves taken by Lieutenant De Moleyns, Royal Engineer, and copied Nov., 1852, by Captain Moore." On this plan Fort Malden appears as a four-sided enclosure, the southern wall or face of which is in a line with the northern end of Bois Blanc. The commanding officer's quarters, Fort Supante's quarters and commissariat premises all lie outside

of the fort, between it and the town of Amherstburg. The land to the east of the Sandwich road is laid out in lots for the pensioners, and a sample pensioner's house is sketched. The old Indian entrenchment is marked on the river to the north, Richmond street is marked as the northern limits of the town, and the open space around the fort, north of the town and between the Sandwich road and the river, is marked "Enrolled Pensioners' Grazing Ground," and this plan comes down to the recollection of many of the older residents of Amherstburg.

The Rev. Mr. Nattress in his pamphlet before referred to gives short accounts of the important events which took place on this western frontier, and the part taken in its defence by the military and militia in charge of Fort Malden during the wars of 1812-1813 and again in 1837-1838. He says: "On the breaking out of the war in 1812, Fort Malden was garrisoned by 200 of the 41st, 50 of the Newfoundland Company and 300 of the Militia, with a detachment of Royal Artillery, being 600 men in all (Kingsford)." Colonel St. George was in command of Fort Malden when on July 12th, 1812, General Hull crossed from Detroit to the Town of Sandwich at the head of 2500 regulars of the American army. A few days later an ineffectual attempt was made under Colonel Cass to take the River Canard bridge, five miles above Amherstburg, Fort Malden, of course, being the objective point. Manoeuvring and skirmishing continued until the arrival of Colonel Proctor at Fort Malden on August 5th. On his arrival he effected a counter movement by sending a detachment across the river, intercepting the supplies in transport from Ohio for the American forces at Detroit, that necessitated the return of Hull's large force from Sandwich to Detroit. General Brock arrived at Fort Malden on August 13th from York, and next morning met the Indians in Council. Tecumseh urged an immediate attack upon Detroit, and Brock at once took up the march. The small American force at Sandwich re-crossed the river on his approach, and by the following day he had planted a battery opposite Fort Detroit, and shortly after followed Hull's surrender of his post and all his troops and stores.

Proctor assumed command at Detroit, and in a series of engagements in which the Essex Militia took part achieved some important results at various points on the Raisin and the Maumee against the forces of the American General Harrison. He was finally repulsed by Harrison in his attack on Fort Meigs, and met with almost crushing defeat on August 2nd, 1813, at Fort Stephenson, and immediately retreated to Fort Malden to recruit his army.

The result of the attempted capture of Amherstburg by the insurgent leader Sutherland with the so-called "Patriots," and their defeat and capture with the schooner "Ann" on the 9th January, 1838, is well known.

Troops from Fort Malden again on the 24th February, 1838, defeated an attempted invasion, when an expedition led by one McLeod crossed from Michigan and took possession of what has since been known as Fighting Island, a Canadian island in the Detroit River about half way between Windsor and Amherstburg. On that occasion Major Townsend with a detachment of the 32nd Regiment from Fort Malden arrived upon the scene in the night, and at daybreak Captain Glasgow of the Artillery corps drove the enemy from their lodgement.

Other attempts to invade this part of Canada, and in which troops from Fort Malden displayed a conspicuous part in defending the country, need only be mentioned as the engagement on Pelee Island in March, 1838, and the last one, viz., the attack upon Windsor, Dec. 4th, 1838.

Mr. Nattress says that during this rebellion Fort Malden was garrisoned by a detachment of the 24th Battalion, another of the 32nd, the 34th Regiment under Colonel Eyre, a battery of Artillery and as many of the Essex Militia as the exigencies of the situation demanded. The latter were, when embodied with the garrison, in essential particulars considered on the same footing with the regular troops. Last of all came three companies of the Royal Canadians. These were transferred in 1851, after which date no regular garrison was stationed at the fort. The detachment of the 34th Regiment, which had been stationed at Halifax, did not reach Amherst-

burg till the early part of 1838, and subsequently the bastions at the fort were rebuilt and the fortifications got in repair.

The defence of the fort in 1838 consisted of ten 24-pounders, six 6-pounders, three brass field pieces, six mortar guns, and a number of rocket tubes, besides the full complement of small arms. There is at the present time plainly visible the well-defined outline of a mortar-bed in the only remaining trench, the one on the north side of the works. Another of the mortar batteries was immediately in rear of where the last of the old flagstaff still stands on the rear of the south-west bastion. The two front bastions are well preserved, the angles being as sharp as the day they were built. On the east side of the fort there was a double defence formed by two rows of pointed pickets, one on the moat outside the trench, and the other on the inner side of the trench. The sally-port crossed this east trench alongside the east bastion. The trenches on the east side have been filled in, and the bastions levelled in the construction of a roadway.

In 1838 the buildings, etc., in connection with the fort were all located along the river front from where the post-office now is, northward. Here were the Commissary department (a part of the old brick building is still standing), the dock-yards, Government stores, the hospital and officers' quarters. The space between the officers' quarters and the south-west bastion of the fort was protected by a row of pickets, as was also the space between the two front bastions, not otherwise protected by trench or moat. A part of the defence, not yet specified, was the block-houses on Bois Blanc Island. There were three of them, known as the North, Centre and South block-houses, or No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3. The South block-house still stands as in the old days. The one at the north end was burned some twenty-six years ago. The centre one stood on the west side of the island, and was embodied in the Colonel Atkinson summer residence. About opposite to it, on the east side of the island, and abreast of Richmond street, there was a picket barracks, long afterwards used as a dwelling, but not now standing.

The main site of the fort, with a few of its old buildings still standing, is now owned by private individuals. Some years ago a petition, largely signed by the inhabitants of Amherstburg, was presented to the Government asking for its restoration and preservation as a National Park. The situation is beautiful, and it is very accessible. It has been estimated that the property could be purchased for \$25,000, and an additional sum of about \$10,000 might be required to lay it out as a park. It is to be hoped the Government will do something to aid in such a laudable project.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF SANDWICH.

By Francis Cleary.

Read at a meeting of the Essex Historical Society in the Windsor Public Library on April 14th, 1908.

There are few places in Western Canada possessing a history earlier than that of Sandwich. The township is one of the oldest in the Province, its date of settlement being placed at the year 1700. It is nearly two centuries ago since the District or Parish of L'Assomption, as the French settlement on the south-west side of the Detroit River was called, and upon a part of which the Town of Sandwich now stands, was a Mission for the Huron or Wyandotte Indians.

The Rev. Father Richardie (Ricardie), a Jesuit, was one of the first missionaries, and continued his pastorate for about thirty years. He died at Quebec in 1758. In 1747 the Mission House was built on the bank of the river, on the spot where the Girardot Wine Company's building now stands, and a portion of the remains are there still to be seen.

The settlement began under the French regime about the year 1700. In 1701 Cadillac built Fort Pontchartrain on the present site of Detroit, and settlers from France began to make their homes on both sides of the River Detroit. In 1767 the Mission, including both French and Indians, was known under the name of L'Assomption de la Pointe de Montreal or L'Assomption de Detroit, and in 1803 it was known as a Parish under the same name.

In 1761 the Parish passed with what was known as New France into the hands of the British.

So much for the early or French settlement of Sandwich; let us now turn to a later period.

In 1796 an Act called the "Exodus Act" provided for the departure of British authority from Detroit to Sandwich, and many who preferred to live under the British flag removed from Detroit here. Before the division of Quebec in 1791, as Canada was then known, into the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, the former was grouped into Counties or Districts known as Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, Nassau and Hesse, and at the meeting of the First Parliament of Upper Canada on 16th July, 1792, at Newark, now the Town of Niagara, the Province was divided into nineteen Counties, and the Districts were re-named Eastern, Midland, Home and Western. Essex, Kent and Lambton counties formed but a small portion of the Western District. The first meeting of the District Council for this District was held in the Court House, Town of Sandwich, on 14th February, 1842, and continued to be held at the same place for the said District until the close of the October session in 1849.

Notwithstanding several changes in regard to the union of these counties, meetings continued to be held in the same place until 1853, and in that year, Essex being constituted a separate municipality, the first meeting of the County Council was held in Sandwich, October 26th, 1853, and has continued to be held there regularly ever since. Of the councillors who represented the different municipalities and sat in this council between 1853 and say 1863 I find all are dead except Mr. Na-

poleon A. Coste, who represented the Township of Malden as Reeve in 1860 and for several years afterwards.

In 1793 it was enacted by the Parliament of Upper Canada that the Courts of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Western District should be held at the Town of Detroit, which at that time was the District town of the County of Kent, and subsequently several sittings of this court were held there, the last one in January, 1796, and in the summer following the removal of the court to Sandwich took place.

Henry Hamilton was the first Lieutenant-Governor appointed in 1775 for the District of Hesse and Western District, with Detroit as the District town. The first appointment of a Judge was on 24th April, 1767, when Philip Dejean, a merchant, was appointed a Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. The District of Hesse was set apart in 1788, and courts established on 24th July of that year, the following officers being appointed by Lord Dorchester, who was Governor-General from 1786 to 1797; Jacques Duperon Baby, Alexander McKee and William Robertson, Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and eight Justices of the Peace were also appointed, viz.: Alexander Grant, Guillaume LaMotte, St. Martin Adhernan, William Macomb, Joncaire de Chabert, Alexander Maisonville, William Caldwell and Matthew Elliot. In 1798 the Honourable William Dummer Powell was appointed Judge of Common Pleas and Probate.

Alexander Chewett was appointed Judge of the District Court 26th May, 1845; Richard Pollard, Judge of the Surrogate Court 29th August, 1801, Registrar of said Court from 1794 to August, 1801, and Sheriff from about the middle of 1792 to the middle of 1802, and he also held the office of Registrar of Essex and Kent from 1793 for over thirty years. This gentleman, while he held this latter office, became a minister of the Episcopal Church, and was the first Rector of St. John's Church, Sandwich, appointed in November, 1802. He died in November, 1824, aged 76 years.

The first Postmaster was William Hands, then John Gentle in 1834, Edward Holland in 1838, and Peter Hector Morin in 1843.

A few of the first members of Parliament representing Essex were Jean Baptiste Baby in 1792, Thomas McKee in 1801, Matthew Elliot in 1801, 1805 and 1809, David Cowan in 1805, Francis Baby in 1828 and 1829, and John Prince from 1836 to 1856.

Before turning to the history of Sandwich as a town, let us refer to some of the stirring incidents which took place in and about its present site at a very early period in history. In the Indian Conspiracy under the great chief of the Ottawas, Pontiac, which was an uprising of the Indians to massacre, among others, the British garrison at Detroit, it is related that in the summer of 1763 nearly three thousand warriors under Pontiac lay encamped on the south shore of the Detroit River, abreast of Belle Isle. It was their intention to cross and attack Major Gladwin and his little band of heroes, 120 men all told, and on the day of the proposed attack Father Potier crossed the river, went to the camp of the allied savages near the fort, and by the power he had over them withdrew the Hurons to their village at Montreal Point, and thus saved Detroit from the fate which befell her sister fort at Mackinaw.

The invasion of this western frontier by a horde of marauders styling themselves "Patriots" commenced early in 1838. In January of that year Generals McLeod, Theller and Sutherland took possession of Bois Blanc Island, where, for a short time, they made their headquarters, and in the same month General Theller with the schooner Ann, loaded with arms and ammunition, from Bois Blanc Island made an attack on the Town of Amherstburg. The militia and volunteers successfully defended the town and captured the schooner with all on board, including Generals Theller and Dodge and twenty-five men; three hundred to four hundred arms and two cannon were also captured.

In February, 1838, these marauders reorganized at Detroit, and immediately took possession of Fighting Island. They were soon driven off, leaving guns and provisions behind; one small cannon, a six-pounder, was captured on this occasion.

In March, 1838, the same class of invaders took possession of Pelee Island. They were estimated at between 400 to 500 men, led by a brigand named Bradley, from Sandusky, Ohio. A detachment of the 32nd Regiment from Amherstburg, under Captains Brown and Eveleigh, with some militia attacked the invaders and soon put them to flight, but not without serious loss on both sides. Some thirty of the British troops were either killed or wounded, and about seventy of the invaders met the same fate. Colonel Prince, of Sandwich, hearing of this invasion, joined the military force, and on his return to Sandwich captured the brigand, Sutherland, who had directed the attack on Amherstburg before mentioned.

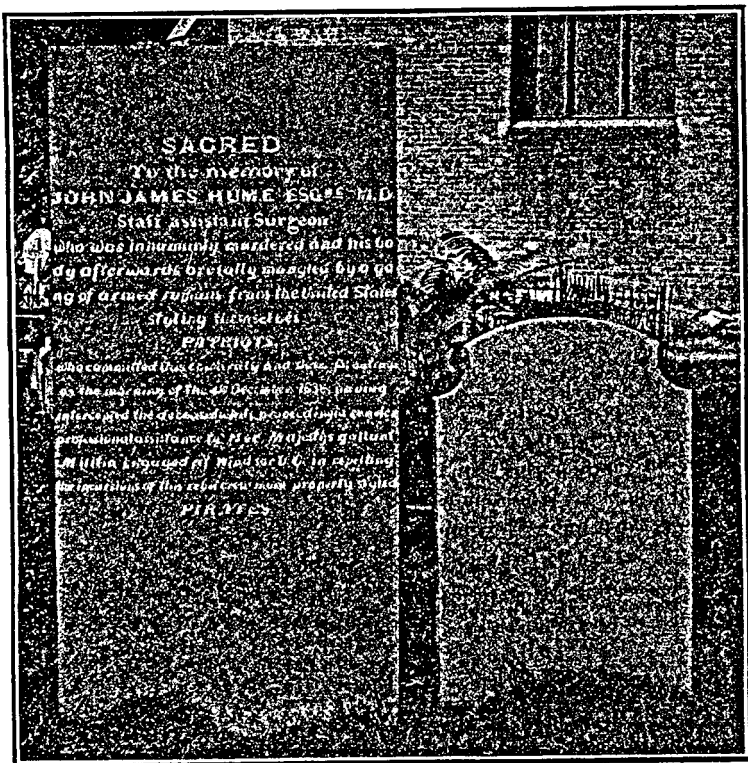
We now come to the Battle of Windsor on 4th December, 1838, in which Col. Prince took a prominent part. The invaders on this occasion were equally unsuccessful, and were soon put to flight; between forty and fifty were made prisoners, several killed and wounded, and four or five shot by order of Colonel Prince. You are all familiar with the fate of Dr. Hume, who was killed at this battle, by the inscription on his tombstone over his remains at St. John's Church, Sandwich. This inscription is said to have been written by Col. Prince, and reads as follows:

Sacred
to the memory of
John James Hume Esquire M. D.
Staff Assistant Surgeon
Who was inhumanly murdered and his body afterwards brutally mangled by a gang of armed ruffians from the United States styling themselves

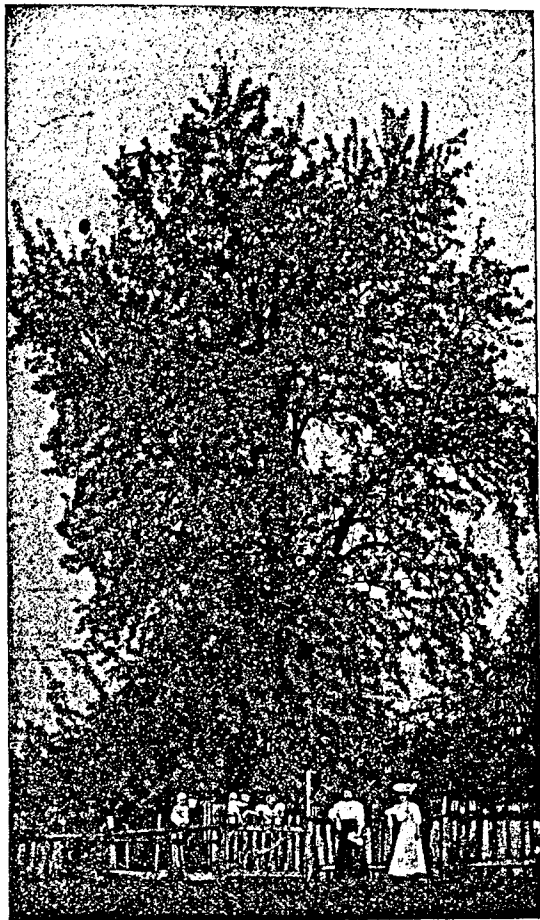
PATRIOTS

Who committed this cowardly and shameful outrage
On the morning of the 4th December 1838 having
Intercepted the deceased while proceeding to render
Professional assistance to Her Majesty's gallant
Militia engaged at Windsor U. C. in repelling
The incursion of this rebel crew more properly styled

PIRATES



Dr. John James Hume Tablet in St. John's Churchyard, Sandwich.



Mission Pear Tree.

Regular troops were stationed at Sandwich and at other parts of the frontier after these events. A portion of the 85th Regiment were at Sandwich in 1840, and a portion of the 83rd in 1841.

It is now time to talk more particularly of Sandwich as a town, indeed it was so styled long before it was really entitled to this distinction. As we have seen, it was called a town during the troubles of 1837 and 1838, and more particularly when it became the place of meeting of the District Council in February, 1842.

It was incorporated as a Town by 20 Victoria, Cap. ⁹⁴~~44~~, passed on 10th June, 1857. This Act recites that the place contains more than 1000 inhabitants, and is to be called the Town of Sandwich from and after January 1st, 1858.

~~Windsor~~ received its Act of Incorporation as a Town by the same ~~Act~~, on the same day, and to be known as a Town from and after January 1st, 1858. *Windsor was 20 Vic.*

Sandwich is called after its namesake in the County of Kent, England. Essex received its name from Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe on July 16th, 1792, and is called after the same county in England. There are a few other places bearing the name of Sandwich on this continent. One is a town in Massachusetts, near Boston. There is a mountain in New Hampshire named the Sandwich Mound, 4000 feet high. There is Sandwich Bay, on the southerly part of Labrador. Our Sandwich lies in latitude 42° 19' north, nearly in the same latitude as Rome and Constantinople. Its altitude is 620 feet above the level of the sea. Its situation is most picturesque, bordering on one of the most beautiful rivers in this country, with its fleet of vessels of every description passing up and down, and greater in number than on any other river on this continent. The view from its shores of the electric tower lighted city of Detroit, and the immense passenger boats and freighters, many 600 feet long, forms a panorama which cannot be equalled elsewhere.

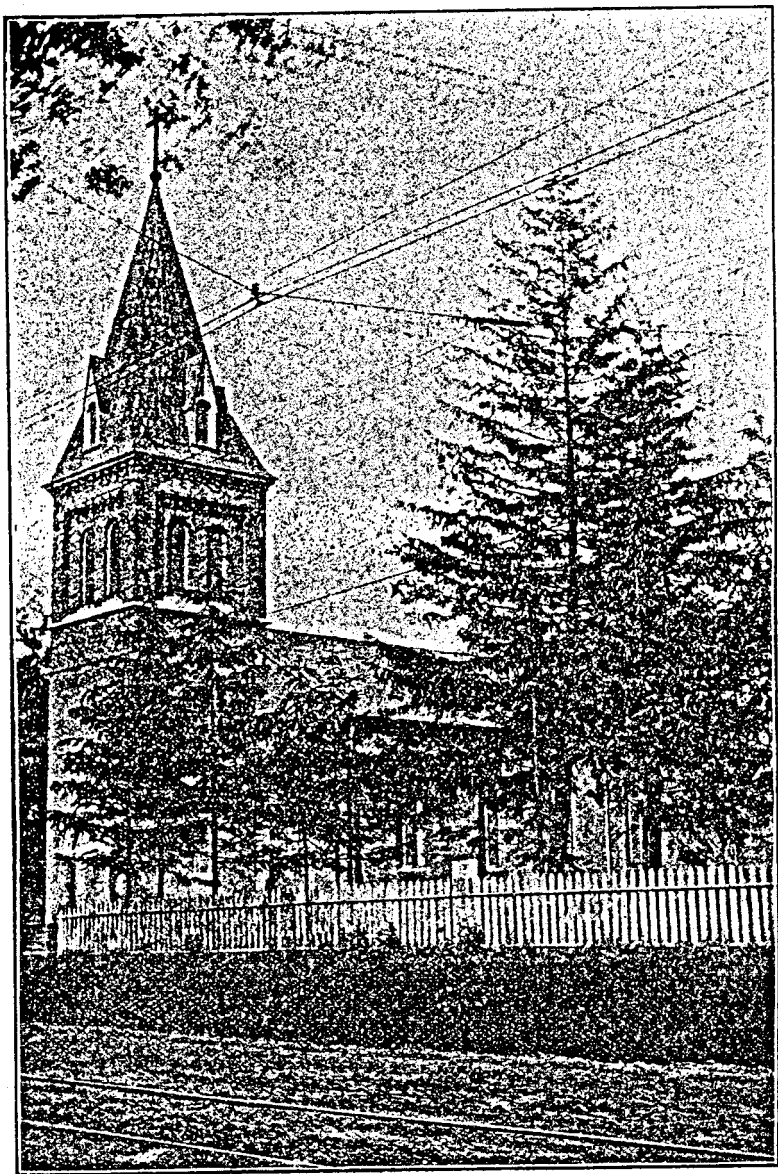
The passenger vessels running between Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit to Chicago, Duluth and Mackinac in size and elegance almost rival our ocean going steamers, whilst the freighters, or ore and grain carrying vessels, are of great size, speed and tonnage. The "W. G. Kerr" recently passed here with a cargo of 440,000 bushels of grain, equal to 13,200 tons. The "whale-back," or cigar-shaped steamer, is a novel sight to a stranger as it passes our shores almost submerged with its heavy cargo, and is not to be found elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic.

The railway transfer boats of the G. T. R., C. P. R. and M. C. R. R., crossing day and night between Windsor and Detroit, carrying a whole train of passenger or freight cars, are a wonder to the beholder. The new tunnel now in process of construction in the vicinity of Sandwich to Detroit, will no doubt cause the disappearance of the railway ferry transfer boats, and while it will facilitate speedy travel will prevent many travellers from seeing our beautiful river.

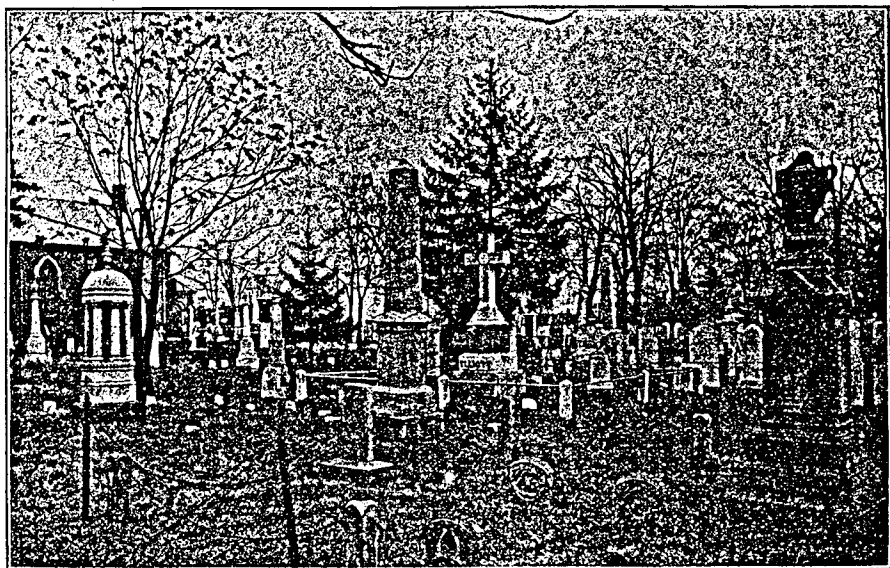
Sandwich once boasted of its Mission pear trees; few are now left. These attained great size, some being 70 feet high and 9 feet in circumference. The trees were said to be propagated by seed brought from France by the Jesuit Fathers, and for that reason were so named.

"Many a thrifty Mission pear
Yet o'erlooks the blue St. Clair,
Like a veteran faithful warden;
And their branches gnarled and olden
Still each year their blossoms dance,
Scent and bloom of sunny France."

There are other things in Sandwich of an early date besides pear trees, and first let me mention the churches. The history of the Catholic Church of the Assumption and St. John's Episcopal Church are interesting. Of the first mentioned church it may be said that the parish is one of the earliest of the many established by Jesuit missionaries in the old Province of Canada. It dates back to 1767, and was for many



St. John's Church, Sandwich. Founded in 1803.



St. John's Churchyard, Sandwich.

years under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec. The church records of baptisms, marriages and deaths have been faithfully kept since 1761. In that year there were seven baptized, in 1762 sixteen, and in 1763 twenty-eight, making a total of fifty-one baptisms in the three years.

Father Armand de la Richardie, the Jesuit already mentioned, had started a mission of the Hurons or Wyandottes at Detroit, and remained there for many years and until about 1751. It is believed that about this time the first mission-house or chapel was erected at Pointe de Montreal, as Sandwich was then called.

In 1744 the Rev. Pierre Potier, the last of the Jesuit Missionaries to the Huron Indians, became assistant to Father Richardie and remained until his death on July 16th, 1781. He survived French rule in Canada, and under British rule was the first pastor of the Parish of Our Lady of the Assumption, Sandwich. It is recorded "the body was interred in the choir of the church of this parish on the Gospel side." In 1846 Father Potier's remains were transferred from "the old church of the Hurons" to the final resting place under the nave of the present Church of the Assumption. He was succeeded by the Rev. M. Jean Francois Hubert, sent by the Bishop of Quebec. Shortly after his arrival a new church was built on land given by the Hurons. It was to this church that a bell was given by the British Government in 1784, and this is the bell you now hear many times daily from the turret of the neighboring Assumption College.

Shortly after the departure of Rev. Father Hubert about 1788 he was succeeded by Rev. F. M. X. Dufaux, who was pastor for ten years. On Christmas Day, 1796, the Rev. Jean Baptiste Marchand, priest of St. Sulpice and Director of the College of Montreal, became parish priest, and faithfully discharged his duties for a period of twenty-eight years. He died 16th April, 1825, and his remains rest with those of Father Potier under the nave of the church. The Rev. Angus Mac-

donell, parish priest of St. Raphael's, Glengarry, took charge in 1831, and was pastor for twelve years with an intermission of three years, during which time he was absent. The present handsome church was commenced during his pastorate in 1843, and finished a year afterwards. In 1856 the Diocese of London was formed with Monsgr. Pinsonneault as the first Bishop, and he remained so until 1866. During his residence the Episcopal Palace was erected, "far more fantastic than substantial." In connection with the church may be mentioned the Assumption College, which was opened in 1857.

The Episcopal Church of St. John next demands our attention in point of time. Whilst very unpretentious in size and appearance, it nevertheless has an interesting history, which was very fully written up in 1903, when the church celebrated its centenary, by the late Judge Robt. S. Woods, of Chatham.

The baptisms, marriages and deaths recorded in the register of this church are continuous from 1802 down to the present time. The present church is the third one erected, and was opened in 1803, with the Rev. Richard Pollard as the first pastor. The Rev. Thomas Earle Welby was pastor of this church from 1839 to 1842, when he was appointed Archdeacon of George in the Diocese of Capetown, South Africa, and was afterwards appointed Bishop of St. Helena. He died a few years ago at the Isle of Wight, aged 94 years.

A few of the memorial tablets erected in the church are as follows:

One to Rev. Richard Pollard, rector, etc., who departed this life 6th November, 1824, aged 76 years.

"To the memory of the Rev'd William Johnson, M. A., Rector of Sandwich, who died on the 5th day of September, 1840, aged 46 years."

"In memory of the late Honorable Alexander Grant, born in 1734, died May 13th, 1813. Commodore Grant was the



The Baby Mansion, Windsor,



Hon. James Baby.



Chief Tecumseh.



Major General Sir Isaac Brock.



Colonel John Prince.

fourth son of the 7th Laird of Glenmorrison, Invernesshire, Scotland. He was a member of the first Government of Upper Canada, an Executive and Legislative Councillor, County Lieutenant for Essex and Suffolk, and Administrator of the Province in 1805-1806. He was 53 years in command of the lakes, and 57 in his Sovereign's service. This tablet is erected by his grandson, R. S. Woods."

Inscription on tombstone over remains of late Judge Chewett: "Born 1800, died August 22nd, 1872. A learned and upright Judge, known to few because of his retired life, known to many because of his sympathetic and genial nature, which made him ever ready to listen to counsel and to befriend. He was a philosopher and a philanthropist."

The Baby homestead is most worthy of mention, being undoubtedly the oldest residence in the neighbourhood, and long before Sandwich was ever called a town. Its situation on the east side of Russell street, at the corner of Mill street, cannot be surpassed. It was erected between 1780 and 1790 by the Honourable James Baby, Inspector General of Upper Canada and a Legislative Councillor, appointed by Governor Simcoe 8th July, 1792, and continued so until the time of his death in 1832. The dwelling, notwithstanding its age, is still a most substantial structure. Its orchard contained several of the famous old French pear trees. It was the headquarters of General Hull when he invaded Canada in 1812. Its halls have echoed to the voices of Hull, Brock, Proctor, Harrison and Tecumseh.

1798 by
Duff

Sandwich, of course, had its noted windmills; perhaps one of the earliest of these was the Poisson dit Lassaline Mill, erected by Joseph Poisson, of Sandwich, miller, on Lot No. 3 on the east side of Russell street, about 1832. Rev. Father Crevier is also said to have erected about the same time a frame windmill with a stone foundation, and a miller's residence, on the church property between the highway and the water's edge.

The first newspaper in the county was published in Sandwich in 1830 by John Cowan, called "The Canadian Emigrant."

The Western Herald and Farmers' Advocate, a weekly paper, was first published in Sandwich in 1837 by Henry C. Grant, 15s per annum. John Richmond, of Colchester South, published "The Dominion" shortly after 1867, afterwards published by Thomas McKee and John Murdoch.

Previous to 1844 the election of a Member of Parliament to represent the various counties of which Upper Canada was then composed was a long drawn out, strenuous and expensive affair. The polling began at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, and continued until 12 o'clock the following Saturday night. This, of course, meant for many residing on the outskirts of the county an absence of several days to record their vote, there being only one polling place, and that at Sandwich. The law was very different then to what it is now, all the taverns, or inns as they were called, keeping open house, treating being the custom rather than the exception, and the voting being open and not by ballot. *secret*

Many stories are told about the McLeod and Rankin election, which occurred in 1857, when the poll book of one of the townships was stolen from the deputy returning officer, and the names of a large number of dead men were entered in the book as having voted. The late Sheriff McEwan was the returning officer on this occasion, and on account of the irregularities at the election was summoned to the Bar of the Legislature to give an account of the proceedings at said election.

Many other memorable events took place in Sandwich. On the site of the Indian reserve or village General Hull pitched his tents for 2500 American soldiers. Here also General Harrison, the American General, and his army of 3500 rested when en route to the River Thames in 1813.

It was here that Tecumseh and his 600 warriors lay in camp, ready to co-operate with Colonel Proctor, who occupied the fort at Detroit after the naval victory of Commodore Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie, October 5th, 1813. Perry announced his victory to General Harrison in these words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." General Harrison af-

terwards invaded Canada, following Colonel Proctor up the River Thames, where the latter was repulsed and Tecumseh killed at the Battle of the River Thames in 1813. Colonel James Baby, who built the Baby homestead, was at this battle, taken prisoner and brought back to his own house in Sandwich as a prisoner of war by General Harrison, who occupied the house as his headquarters.

On 16th August, 1812, General Brock and his militia and Indian allies crossed the river from the old school-house at Sandwich to Springwells, and marched on the fort at Detroit, which capitulated by order of General Hull.

It was at Sandwich that Colonel Proctor brought General Winchester and nearly 500 officers and men as prisoners of war taken at the battle of the River Raisin fought January 13th, 1813.

A paper relating to the history of Sandwich would not be complete without a more extended notice of Colonel John Prince, who resided therein for a period of twenty-seven years, and whose genial hospitality at the "Park Farm," with its pleasant surroundings, was well known beyond the limits of the County of Essex. His popularity is shown by the fact that he continuously represented the Western District in Parliament from 1836 to 1856, when he was appointed the representative of the Western Division in the Legislative Council. I cannot do better in giving this reference to the late Colonel Prince than by quoting the words of the late Judge Robert S. Woods in his book, "Harrison Hall and Its Associations," published in 1896.

"Talking of Colonel Prince I cannot omit a fuller reference to him, for his advent in the Western District marked an epoch in its history. He came to Sandwich in August, 1833, with his wife, family and servants, and was the first man of fortune who had settled in the district. He had been a Solicitor in England, was a man of fine presence and most genial manners, and one of the most eloquent speakers in the Province; a great sportsman and lover of agriculture, and took to farming with much zeal, importing thoroughbred stock and keeping

the finest dogs, which he brought from England. In the general election of 1836, under Sir Francis Bond Head's appeal to the country, he was returned for Essex with Mr. Francis Caldwell, and his impression upon the Legislature was most favorable. The Rebellion broke out the following year, and the Colonel (for he was at once appointed such) really became not only the Prince but the King of the Western District, if not of Upper Canada, so popular was he during and after the Rebellion. His journeys through from Sandwich to Toronto were continued ovations. He was admitted to the Bar and enrolled as an Attorney in 1838, made a Queen's Counsel and occupied a proud position at the Bar and in the Province, and continued to represent Essex till he became a candidate for the Legislative Council in 1856, when he contested the Western Division against Colonel Rankin, and was returned and sat in the Council till his appointment to the Judgeship of the District of Algoma in 1860, which was virtually provided for him, and where he continuously lived, rejoicing in his hyperborean isolation and freedom, and died in 1870."

There is no doubt that his summary shooting of the prisoners taken at the battle of Windsor, 4th December, 1838, in connection with Sir Allan McNab's order of the previous December to cut out the Caroline, did more to put an end to the invasion of the western portion of the Province by the Patriots and sympathizers of that day than anything done by the Government or the regular forces. The act led to an important debate in the House of Lords, with Lord Brougham criticizing and the Duke of Wellington justifying the measure, in which he was supported by the House; and there was also the Commission of Inquiry in Canada, whose report wholly acquitted the Colonel from the charges made against him, founding their report upon the fact that the act was the determination of the inhabitants expressed at a public meeting when it was determined that no prisoners should be taken. To show the state of feeling at that time against the Colonel, placards were posted up along the public streets in Detroit, offering a reward of \$800 for his dead body and \$1000 for his living body.

I find in the very first number of "The Western Herald" newspaper before mentioned, issued on the 3rd January, 1838, a proclamation dated the 30th December, 1837, and signed by the following J. P.'s for the Western District: John Prince, Chas. Elliot, Robert Mercer, J. B. Baby, William Anderton and J. A. Wilkinson. This proclamation warns all persons that whereas we are at peace with the United States, any incursions or attempts of retaliation by Canadians will be severely punished. In the same paper, under date of June 6th, 1839, and for many numbers thereafter, the following advertisement appeared:

"Having received certain threatening letters against my life and property, I hereby give notice that from this day on every evening at sundown, I shall cause twelve spring guns, with wires and strings complete, and each loaded with thirty buck-shot, to be set about my house and farm buildings, also two man-traps. All persons are therefore hereby warned not to come within the grounds on which my premises are built between sunset and sunrise.

The Park Farm, Sandwich,

"John Prince."

Upper Canada, 4th June, 1839."

In the issue of March 28th, 1839, of the same paper, the Militia General Order giving the decision of His Excellency Sir George Arthur on the report of the officers which constituted the late court of enquiry in relation to the charges against Colonel Prince is published, and in which His Excellency is pleased to exculpate the Colonel from the charges laid against him.

In the same paper, in the issue of February, 1839, there is mention of "an affair of honor," a duel between Colonel Prince and William R. Wood, Clerk of the District Court, Sandwich, which took place there, in which the latter was slightly wounded.

In "Pen Portraits of Parliament," by George Duck, written Toronto, July, 1850, I find the following reference to the late Colonel Prince in describing the more prominent members sitting in the Legislature of that date: "At the further end of the second row of benches on the right sit Colonel Prince and

Mr. Christie. Here the representatives of the Western and Eastern extremities of the Province meet, the former from Essex and the latter from Gaspé. The Colonel is the best looking man in the House, at least to an Englishman's notion, and is a practical refutation of the morbid opinion upheld by the strict water drinkers, to whom the Colonel rather triumphantly remarked on some teetotal discussion that 'they might see what John Barleycorn had done for him.' In front of Colonel Prince sits the accomplished Bartholemew Conrad Augustus Gugsy, who, as well as Colonel Prince, knows how to put the House into good humour, and can occasionally throw a shot into the enemy's ranks with a great deal of dexterity."

Many other prominent men might be named who resided in or in the neighbourhood of Sandwich, but time will only permit of their being mentioned. Colonel Arthur Rankin, who died 13th March, 1893; Colonel James Askin, father of John A. Askin, died 4th December, 1862; Alexander Chewett, Judge of the District Court, 1845, died 22nd August, 1872; John A. Askin, Registrar from 1846 to 1858; Charles Baby, Clerk of the Peace and County Crown Attorney, died 15th November, 1871; William Dupéron Baby, Sheriff in 1851; John McEwan, Sheriff from 1856 to 1883; Judge Leggatt, Judge of the County Court, died 1883; Dr. Chas. E. Casgrain, Senator of the Dominion of Canada, who died at Windsor March 8th, 1907. He was born August 3rd, 1825, of most distinguished parentage. In 1861 he was surgeon to the troops stationed at Sandwich and Windsor. In 1884 he was created a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and on January 12th, 1887, was called to the Senate. He was a gentleman of the Old School, beloved and respected by all who enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance.

Major John Richardson was the author of the Canadian historical romance, "Wacousta," first published in 1832. The story is founded upon incidents connected with the attempt on Fort Detroit by the Indian Chief Pontiac in 1763. "Strabane" was the early home of this soldier, traveller, historian and writer of the first novel in Western Canada; author of "The Canadian Brothers," published sixty-three years ago, and "The War of 1812."

Frederick A. Verner, a distinguished Canadian artist, now and for many years past residing in London, England, was born in Halton County in 1836, and is the eldest son of the late Arthur Cole Verner, and nephew of the late Sir William Verner Bart. He resided with his father for some years at Sandwich.

Alexander Lewis, who died at Detroit 18th April, 1908, was born at Sandwich in February 1822, and resided there for some years, when he removed to Detroit. He engaged there in commercial business, and filled many important positions, having been Mayor in 1875.

HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF ASSUMPTION.

Introductory remarks by Francis Cleary.

A paper under the above heading was read by Francis Cleary, President of the Essex Historical Society, at the last meeting in the auditorium of the public library. Before reading the paper, Mr. Cleary stated that the credit for it was due to Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, for many years parish priest of the Church of the Assumption, and now at St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Toronto, and that the same had come into his hands quite recently through the kindness of the present parish priest, Rev. Fr. Semande.

Mr. Cleary made some introductory remarks before and during the reading of the paper regarding the subject matter, among others, stating it was evident from a close perusal of its contents that Rev. Mr. Aboulin had commenced his interesting history over twenty years ago, and had written portions from time to time, and finished it at Toronto some years after his removal there in 1893. In one paragraph he refers to Joseph White, chief of the Wyandottes, as if living, while the chief died at Windsor early in 1885.

Again, the Indian Reserve in Anderdon Township ceased to exist as a Reserve over twenty years ago, (say in 1880 and 1881).

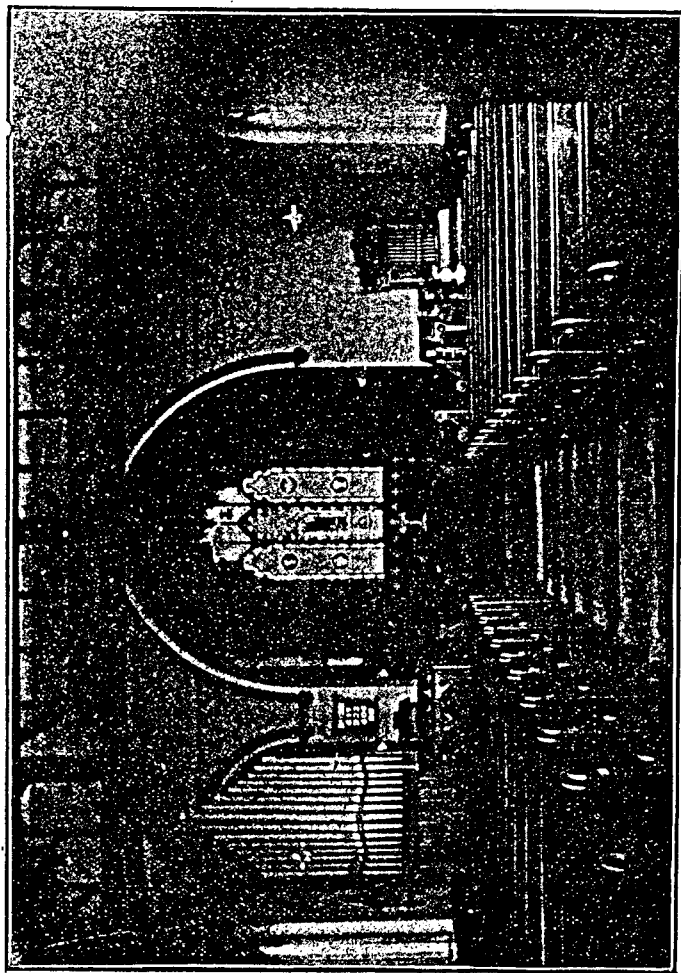
He also refers to the late Theodule Girardot as being still Inspector of Public Schools, while as a matter of fact this gentleman died on Feb. 1st, 1900.

The history of this parish is certainly unique, dating back as we find, to 1767, and being in its earliest days under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec. Cadillac built his fort on the present site of Detroit in 1701, so that the parish of St. Anne, frequently mentioned, came into existence shortly after, and had a long start on Assumption parish.

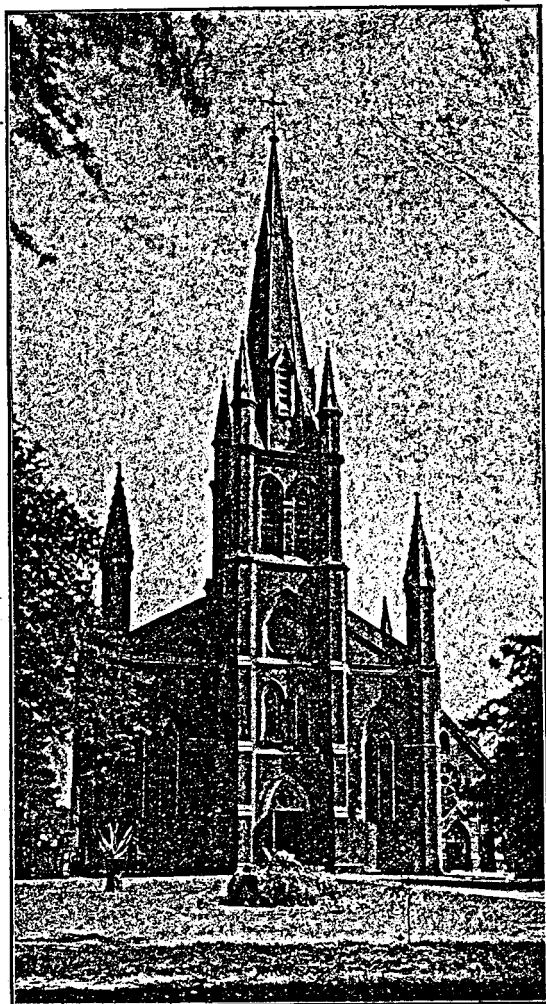
Bois Blanc Island, the seat of the Huron mission in 1772 and for some years thereafter, was ceded to the British. It contains 220 acres, and was patented to the late Col. Rankin in 1874.

It must be remembered that the present church is the third church erected on the historic spot. Fr. Hubert built the second one, a log church, in 1782, and the present church was commenced during the pastorate of the Rev. Angus McDonell in or about 1843, and finished a few years afterward. Fr. Aboulin refers to the land now owned by the church. This is, or rather was, lot No. 63, in First, Second and Third Concession of the Township of Sandwich, containing 350 acres, and the patent subsequently issued from the Crown in 1830 to Right Rev. Alexander McDonell, Rev. William John O'Grady, of the Township of York, vicar-general; Hon. James Baby, also of the Township of York, Member of First Parliament of Canada, Inspector-General of U. C., died 1833; Francois Baby, Jean Baptiste Baby and Chrystome Pajot, of the Town of Sandwich, County of Essex.

It is stated that Bishop Pinsonneault, the first Bishop of the new Diocese of London, no doubt believing that he would find things more congenial at Sandwich among his own countrymen, had the episcopal see removed to the latter place in 1859. He is described by many of the old residents as a particularly handsome man, nearly six feet tall. Coming from Montreal, he was no doubt accustomed to considerable pomp and ceremony. He is charged with being the cause of the removal of the Jesuit Fathers, who had so long administered the affairs of the parish and endeared themselves to the parishioners. The bishop commenced to make improvements. He found the cemetery partly in front of the church on the south-



St. John's Church Interior.



Assumption Church, Sandwich.
Founded in 1728. The present building was erected in 1843.

west side. This he caused to be removed quite a distance behind the church on the Huron line. This, as may be imagined, was not viewed with much favour by many who had relatives interred in the old cemetery, as the bodies had to be removed to the new one. Who would say now that this was not a desirable improvement?

The building of the Bishop's palace, which it is said cost about \$30,000, was considered a piece of extravagance on his part, and in years after was referred to by many as "Pinsonneault's Folly." He had a boat built for his use on the river, which it is said cost \$1500, and was never a success.

The old residents speak also of a frame wind-mill with stone foundation, and the miller's residence, which were built during Rev. Fr. Crevier's time on the church property between the King's highway and the river front.

The presbytery referred to as being still extant is no doubt the frame structure which stood originally on the site of the present Girardot Wine Co.'s building, and was removed a little to the southwest of it, where it now stands.

Of Rev. Denis O'Connor, spoken of so fittingly in connection with the parish and college, it is hardly necessary to speak further. He was well and favorably known throughout the county. He was consecrated Bishop of London in October 1890, and Archbishop of Toronto in April, 1899. On both occasions he received the congratulations of his many friends, both Catholic and Protestant.

Extracts are also given from two other papers read by Mr. Cleary, photographic copies having come into his possession in 1897. These are the deed of gift from the Wyandotte nation to James Rankin, dated June 20, 1775, and the will of the said James Rankin, dated April 19th, 1794.

NOTES ON THE PARISH OF THE ASSUMPTION, SANDWICH.

By Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, St. Basil's Novitiate, Toronto.

This Parish is situated on the left bank of the Detroit River, in the extreme western section of the County of Essex. It has formed part successively of the Diocese of Quebec, Kingston and Toronto, and is now one of the most flourishing parishes of the Diocese of London. For a time, Sandwich was the See of the last-named Diocese. In the second quarter of the 18th century, some French Colonists came over from Detroit to settle in that place, to which they gave the name of La Pointe-de-Montreal: until its division, in 1803, the parish was called the Assumption of La Pointe-de-Montreal, or l'Assomption du Detroit.

Its origin is connected with a mission of Hurons or Wyandottes, which was founded in 1728, by Father Armand de la Richardie, a Jesuit. Where was the first seat of that mission? In Detroit, or at Point of Montreal? Although certain men well-versed in the history of the country pretend that it was in the latter place, all documentary evidence is in favor of Detroit, as we will show presently.

In 1721, Father Charlevoix visited Detroit, which he reached by way of Lake Erie. He says in his Journal: "Before arriving at the Fort, which is at the left hand, one league below the island of Ste. Claire (se he calls the now Belle Isle), there are to be found on the same side two villages * * * the first is inhabited by the Hurons Tionnontatez * * * On the right, a little farther up, there is a third one of Outaouais." A map published in 1744 to accompany his Journal, shows the villages in the same places. (In 1727 the Hurons of Detroit asked for a missionary.) In a letter of Father Nau to Father Bonin, Oct. 16th, 1735, we read the following passage, which, while it bears witness to the zeal and success of the missionary informs us with precision of the locality where he labored: "I said that there were no other Christian Hurons than those of Lorette,—seven years ago effectually there were no others, but Father de la Richardie found the means of bringing to-

gether in Detroit all those scattered Hurons, all of whom he has converted. The mission numbers six hundred Christians."

Another valuable document is a letter in Latin, of Father de la Richardie himself, addressed to his general. In it the Father says that the sacred edifice is hardly large enough for the multitude of the Christians, (meaning the savages), although it is seventy cubits long. Seventy cubits make 105 feet. The letter is dated June 23rd, 1741. Who ever pretended that there was at that date a church of that size at Point of Montreal? Indeed there are no proofs that there was then and there any church at all.

Lastly, there is on record an agreement entered into in 1733 between Father de la Richardie and a certain Jean Cecile, a gunsmith, by which the latter was to do all the work in iron necessary for the church and the mission described as being situated in Detroit. Surely the town of Detroit and the neighbourhood offered more advantages to a gunsmith than the embryo settlement of Point of Montreal. But let us resume our little narrative.

In 1742, the Huron village was removed to Bois Blanc Island, opposite the present town of Amherstburg, and in September, 1744, an assistant came to Father de la Richardie in the person of Father Pierre Potier. This help was indeed opportune, for in the spring of 1746, Father de la Richardie was attacked with paralysis, and in consequence he had to retire to Montreal in July of the same year.

He had scarcely left, when grave troubles arose, which threatened both the mission and colony with complete ruin. At the instigation of the British, the Hurons, who had till then lived in friendship with the French, rose in revolt against them. Chief Nicholas was at the head of the malcontent savages, who committed many outrages. On the 20th of May, 1747, they killed five Frenchmen at Sandoske or Sandusky, and contemplated nothing less than a massacre of all the French soldiers and colonists of Detroit. An Indian woman having fortunately discovered the secret purpose of the rebels, revealed it to the Sieur of Longueil, commander of the post.

This revelation proved the salvation of the colony. Father Potier, however, in order to save his life, was obliged to leave the village of Bois Blanc and to seek shelter in Detroit. Longueuil was after a time enabled to send to Quebec a deputation from different tribes, under the guidance of the Sieur of Bellestre, to confer with the Governor, de la Galissoniere. Great must have been the influence of Father de la Richardie over the Hurons, for we find this deputation pleading earnestly for his return, on the ground that he alone was able to pacify the rebellious tribes. The venerable missionary, notwithstanding his infirmities, left by order of his superior to follow Bellestre to Detroit, where the party arrived on the 20th of October, 1747. The Governor, in his instructions to M. de Longueuil, urged on him to procure as speedily as possible the re-establishment of Father de la Richardie's mission; but, for greater safety, it was fixed at Point of Montreal, as was also the Huron Village in 1748.

Father de la Richardie remained at Point of Montreal until the 7th of September, 1750. He then followed a detachment of Hurons who had left the place and went as far as the Vermillion River. On the 25th of July, 1751, he signed a contract with Nicolas-Francois Janis, a mason, in Detroit. Shortly after he left for Quebec, where he was a witness of the first vows of a scholastic, and never returned to Detroit. However, Mr. John Gilmary Shea says that in 1757 he led a party of Hurons to Sandusky, and closed his honoured and laborious career among the Illinois in 1758.

At Point of Montreal the Hurons made him a gift of a parcel of land of forty arpents in length and of considerable width, but without any written title. Nineteen years later, 1767, Father Potier was forced to sell the greater part of this land to meet the debts of the mission. This he did on the authorization of Father de Clapion, Superior at Quebec. In 1780, he sold the remainder, retaining only two small lots, which stretched from the river to the coulee. On the front lot were the house and garden of the missionary, as well as the church and cemetery of the mission; on the rear lot were the house and garden of the sexton. The land now owned by the

church was donated by the Indian chiefs to Father Hubert, successor of Father Potier.

This far we have spoken of the Huron Village. Let us now speak of the French Parish. The French settlers of Point of Montreal continued after the removal of the Huron village, to belong to St. Anne's in Detroit. Nevertheless, they were allowed to attend the Huron chapel, and to receive the sacrament in it. In proof of this there is a list kept year by year by the Missionary of the French, who performed their Easter duty there. In 1760 they appear to have been put in charge of the missionary. But in 1767, the mission, including both French and Indians, was erected into a parish, under the name, as we have said before, of l'Assomption de la Pointe de Montreal, or l'Assomption du Detroit. Father Potier remained in charge of it until his death, which occurred on the 16th of July, 1781. This sad event was the result of a fall by which his skull was broken. He was seventy-three years old, of which he had spent thirty-seven in the service of the mission. He had won among his people a reputation of a saint, and so great was his influence over the Hurons that he prevented them from joining with the other Indian tribes in the rebellion of the famous Chief Pontiac, in 1763.

Father Potier was thoroughly conversant with the Huron language, of which he wrote a dictionary, and, I believe, a grammar. When he died, a successor could not be given him of his society, for it had been suppressed a few years before by Clement XIV. Secular priests, mostly employed in attending to the settlers, knew little or nothing of the Indian language. The consequence was that Father Potier's death proved a fatal blow to the evangelization of the Hurons.

Some days after the death of Father Potier, the church wardens deputed two of their number to wait on the Bishop of Québec and ask for the appointment of a successor to their deceased pastor. The Bishop accordingly sent the Rev. M. Jean Francois Hubert, who had at first the care of the two parishes, that of St. Anne's having just become vacant. The next year he devoted himself to the task of building a new church. Of this good work he was himself the principal bene-

factor, contributing of his own means the sum of six hundred pounds. This church subsisted until the present one. It was built "en pieces sur pieces," according to the style of building then used. It was situated to the south of the old church, on the land given to Father Hubert. At the right of the new church was built the presbytery which is still extant, It was occupied for a few years by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and is now the ordinary residence of the sexton. To this building was attached a large room wherein the parishioners gathered to warm themselves in the cold season before the beginning of the Divine Offices. At the left was erected a short time after the chapel of the dead, at the very entrance of the new cemetery. Herein were laid the bodies of the dead brought from a distance, a great relief to the sexton, in whose house they had till then been kept.

The new church was the object of a special favor from Pope Pius VI. This was a plenary indulgence to be gained twice a year, once on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christie, feast of the Sacred Heart, and again on the feast of Assumption, the patronal feast of the parish. The original indult conferring the privilege, bearing the date of February 5th, 1786, is preserved in the archives of the parish.

The Rev. M. Hubert, however, was no longer at Point of Montreal. He had been named coadjutor of Mgr. d'Esglis, Bishop of Quebec, and succeeded that prelate in 1788. He died in 1797. After his departure the parish of Assumption was for a year under the care of Rev. M. Frechette, parish priest of St. Anne's. He was succeeded by Rev. F. M. X. Dufaux, who was pastor for ten years. The present church is yet in possession of a handsome pulpit, the work of a French sculptor named Prerot. It was erected in 1792. Nothing more need be said of the administration of Father Dufaux, except that on the 9th of September, 1787, he entered into an arrangement with the Huron chiefs, whereby a portion of the church was to be set aside exclusively for the Indians. This was but a just acknowledgement of their generous contributions towards its erection.

Where are now the six hundred Hurons, Catholics of Father de la Richardie? The nation has been dismembered. Some have moved to distant places; some will occupy for some time the reserve in Anderdon, fourteen miles below Sandwich, along the river. Deprived of special attendance since there are no more Jesuits, little by little they fall away. For many years they will yet congregate at Sandwich, to celebrate with great pomp the feast of the Assumption and hold their legendary picnic on the church grounds. But in less than a century scarcely any remnant of the Huron race will be found in Canada or elsewhere, and good old chief White will end his days saying with sorrow: "And I am the last." (Joseph White, buried in the Indian burying ground at Anderdon—inscription on his monument is as follows: "Mondoron, Chief of the Wyandottes or Hurons, Joseph White, Born January 19th 1808; Died February 18th, 1885." F. C.)

The name of Father Dufaux is signed for the last time in the records on the 8th of September, and next his burial is recorded over the signature of Father Levadoux, a sulpatian, parish priest of St. Anne's. This fact leads to the conclusion that his death was unexpected and perhaps sudden. The Rev. Edmund Burke, Vicar-General, who resided at the Riviere aux Raisins, now Monroe, attended the mission until the following Christmas. On that auspicious festival, the faithful of the Assumption had the joy of welcoming to their midst a zealous and distinguished priest, who for over 28 years was to exercise the holy ministry among them. This was the Rev. Jean Baptiste Marchand, priest of St. Sulpice and Director of the College of Montreal. (This was on Christmas Day 1796. F. C.)

The year 1801 was rendered memorable by the visit of Mgr. Denaut, Bishop of Quebec, who confirmed in the Church of the Assumption no fewer than five hundred persons. The largeness of this number is not surprising when we consider that this was the first episcopal visitation since that of Mgr. de Pontbriand in 1755. Besides, the population was fast increasing, while in 1733, according to a census found in the Dominion Archives, it hardly reached 350; another census taken in

1790 gives 861. What it was at the opening of the present century no document enables us to tell. The parish of the Assumption was the only one in a territory now forming several dioceses. The settlers were scattered all along the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and a few on the river Trenché, called since by the British, the Thames. In 1803 two new stations were established, one at St. Pierre on the Thames, and the other at Malden or Amherstburg. The mother-church, the Assumption of Sandwich, as we will hereafter call it, was the place of residence of the pastor, who for many years had to attend, either in person, or through his curate whenever he could obtain one, the two new stations. However, St. Pierre was visited but twice in the year. The first curate given to Father Marchand was Father Gatien, of Quebec. He came to Sandwich in 1801, and remained five years. Father Joseph Crevier arrived in 1816, a few months after the visit of Mgr. Plessis.

Here we may be allowed to relate a painful incident of Father Marchand's pastorate. The facts are nearly a century old, and we shall suppress the names. Besides, the property has passed into other hands. It has been said above that when Father Potier sold the remnant of the mission land; he reserved two lots on which were the church, priest's garden and house, the cemetery and the sexton's house and garden. By an oversight the reservation was not mentioned in the deed. However, the buyer signed a renunciation to those lots, which is to be seen in the registers of the City of Detroit. Father Marchand had been a few years in Sandwich, when the purchaser of the land, a man whose administration as a church warden had provoked serious complaints, fenced in the lots with the rest of his property. Father Marchand and the church wardens sued him and the case was pleaded in Toronto. But none of them, likely, knew of the renunciation, as about twenty-five years had elapsed since the sale of the land; anyhow, the renunciation was not opposed to the usurper, so that being with a legal title, he won the suit and was confirmed in his possession.

Father Marchand died on the 16th of April, 1825. His

memory was held in lifelong veneration by those who had been his parishioners. His remains rest with those of Father Potier and Father Dufaux under the nave of the church, not far from the communion table. He was succeeded by his curate, Father Crevier.

Through the solicitude of the new pastor, some Grey Nuns came to take charge of the girls' school, and there was question of building a convent, but the project fell to the ground, and the Nuns left the parish, with the exception of Sister Raizenne, who afterwards ended her life in Sandwich, not without endearing herself to the population.

Education in those days was very much neglected, owing to the indifference of the people. There is in the parochial archives a letter of Bishop MacDonell, of Kingston, in which he reproved them severely for that indifference, telling them that in consequence they will become the hewers of wood and the carriers of water of those who had come to the country in the condition of adventurers and beggars. He was not far from uttering a prophecy.

Rev. Angus MacDonell, parish priest of St. Raphael's, Glengarry, succeeded Father Crevier in 1831. He held the position of pastor of Sandwich for twelve years. He was, however, absent for three years, during which time he was replaced, first by Father Yvelin, and afterwards by Father Morin. Fathers Haynand and Schneider also served at Sandwich during the pastorate of Father Angus MacDonell.

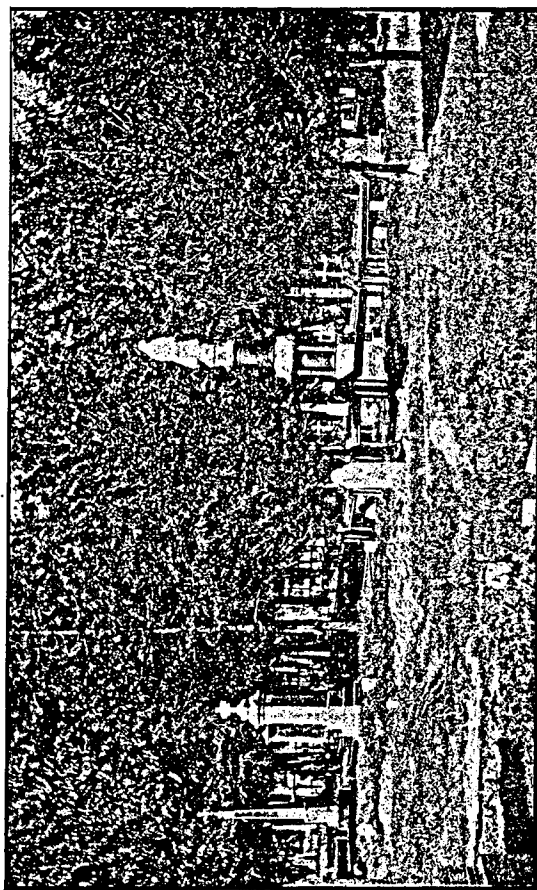
The old church was now falling to ruins; from the time of Father Crevier the necessity had been felt to build a new one, and steps so far taken to that effect that the stone for the foundation had been procured. Father MacDonell commenced the erection of a handsome and spacious edifice, the walls of which were almost completed when he left the mission in the hands of the Jesuits. One of the first acts of Bishop Power's administration was to restore to the Society of Jesus the field of labor won to the church by the apostolic zeal of Fathers de la Richardie and Potier a century before.

The coming of the Jesuits changed the face of things at Sandwich. They had at their head a man who, besides a great talent for organization, was possessed of an ardent zeal, a rare gift of persuasive eloquence, and the heart of an Apostle. This was Father Pierre Point. The Jesuits arrived in Sandwich on the 31st of July, 1843. Father Point had for his assistants at different times, Father Nicholas Point, his elder brother; Du Ranquet, Chazelle, Jafre, Menet, Férard, Brimot, Conilleau, and Mainguy. God alone knows the good these religious accomplished during the sixteen years of their opostolate.

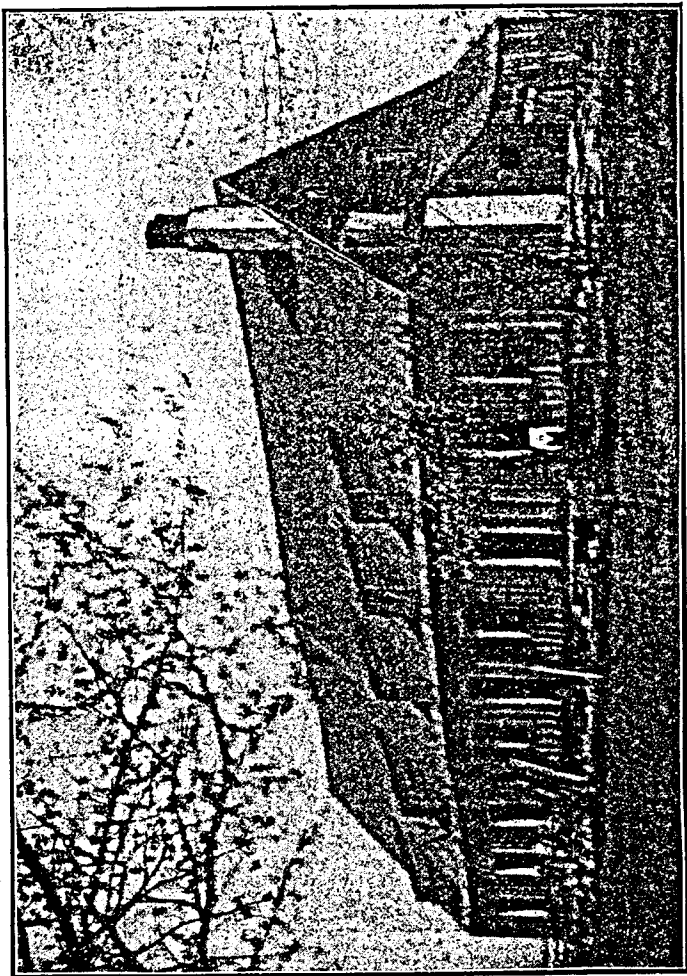
The new church was so rapidly pushed to completion, the sanctuary excepted, and was opened for divine worship in the beginning of January, 1846. The main altar, of considerable value, was presented by the fishermen. Over it was placed a good copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception, by Plamondon; Mr. Charles Baby and Col. Rankin donated an organ, the cost of which exceeded two thousand dollars. Near the church a modest dwelling was erected for the Fathers.

The next work to which they were eager to turn their attention was education, which had been, as we remarked above, woefully neglected. Besides creating elementary schools in the various sections of the parish, the better to fight the demon of ignorance, and to give to youth the facilities for a higher education, religious and secular, they built a college, which was opened in 1857. Five years before the Ladies of the Sacred Heart had opened an establishment in Sandwich, under the superiorship of the able and saintly Mother Henriette de Kersaint. But they remained only seven years, leaving for London, Ont., amidst the universal and indeed justified sorrow of the Sandwich people.

In 1856 the Diocese of Toronto was divided. Out of its western portion was formed the Diocese of London, whose first Bishop, Mgr. Pinsonneault, obtained the removal of the Episcopal See from London to Sandwich, and went to reside in the latter place towards the close of the summer of 1859. The good people of Sandwich extended a hearty welcome to their first pastor; but their joy was short-lived, for the coming of the bishop was closely followed by the departure of the Jesuits.



Assumption Church Graveyard, Sandwich.



The Old Mission House, Sandwich.
Built in 1747. Photo by A. Phil. E. Parret.

Every Jesuit is well aware that bearing the Divine Master's name, he must expect to share his treatment. Eviction, either in a mild or a brutal form, is an ordinary occurrence in the history of the Jesuits. It never brought luck, or to use a more Christian word, blessing upon its authors; the present case was no exception.

The beloved Fathers tore themselves from their people whom they never ceased to love tenderly and in whose hearts their memory was never to die. Father Point spent some years in Quebec, and the remainder of his life, about twenty-five years, in Montreal. He lived to celebrate the seventieth year of his priesthood, unable for a long time to do active service, owing chiefly to extreme deafness, but in the estimation of his brethren, more powerful by his prayers than they by their labors. The saintly Father died in September, 1896, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

Bishop Pinsonneault appointed rector of the cathedral Father Joseph Raynel, a post which he occupied two years; later on he entered the Society of Jesus, and died suddenly in Montreal, under the absolving hand of Father Point. Some of his successors were men of rare talent, such as Father Joseph Gerard, who died parish priest of Belle River; Father Joseph Bayard, V.G., of London, and Mgr. Laurent, now parish priest of Lindsay. At their head was the indefatigable Vicar General Bruyere, who also received in the course of time the well deserved honor of the prelature.

The Grey Nuns were called to Sandwich by Bishop Pinsonneault, but remained only a short time. The Bishop himself resigned his See in December, 1866. He retired to Montreal, and died there in 1883. During his sojourn in Sandwich a vast amount of work was done to embellish the church grounds, and to convert the parochial residence into an Episcopal Palace. Enormous sums of money were expended on a structure far more fantastic than substantial. It lasted thirty years; then it became an absolute necessity to level to the ground that leaky mass of buildings, in order to put up in their stead the present handsome and commodious presbytery.

The new Bishop, Right Rev. John Walsh, was consecrated on the 10th of November, 1867. After only two months' residence in Sandwich he took his departure for London, and a decree of the Holy See, dated October 3rd, 1869, transferred again to that city the Episcopal See of the Diocese.

But the wise Prelate did not fail to realize what benefit his diocese could derive from the college built in Sandwich by the Jesuits. The location was excellent, although the edifice was of small dimensions. This establishment had passed through many vicissitudes. It was at that time conducted by Mr. Theodule Girardot, an experienced teacher, possessed of a true love and a remarkable practical sense of education. Bishop Walsh called upon the priests of St. Basil to take charge both of the parish and the college. On the 18th of September, 1870, they assumed the direction of the parish, which Dean Laurent resigned into their hands, and the college was opened by them at the same time.

The leader of the new staff was a young priest of great promise, and he kept all he promised. This was Father Denis O'Connor. Under his superiorship, the college rose to such a degree of prosperity that it became necessary to enlarge its buildings, first in 1875, and still more in 1883. After twenty years of successful labor, Father O'Connor was raised to the Episcopal See of London, and thence to the Metropolitan See of Toronto.

At the church, Father O'Connor built in 1874 the tower and spire, and the sanctuary. Improvements in the interior were made in 1882, stained glass windows put in, and the following year stations of the cross in oil paintings were acquired. In 1887 a very elaborate stone altar was erected. Father O'Connor was represented in the service of the parish by Father Aboulin for twenty-three years, assisted for over fourteen years by Father Faure, an aged and very worthy priest, who, when no longer able to perform his functions, went to end his days in France. Fathers Mazenod, Cery and B. Granettier collaborated also successively in the attendance of the parish. Moreover, valuable aid did not cease to be given by the priests of the college. The present superior of

the college is Father Daniel Cushing, who maintains it in a state of prosperity. The parish priest is Father Senande, to whose untiring zeal is due an admirable progress in piety and the reception of the sacraments. The first months of his service were marked by the acquisition of an excellent bell weighing 4126 pounds, the largest in the diocese. It replaces a large one also, procured by Dean Laurent in 1870 and which broke in the spring of 1893.

The Basilians found in existence in Assumption Church the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin for girls, and the Association of the Holy Childhood, all erected by the Jesuits. In 1873, after a mission, Father Langcake, S.J., erected the Apostleship of Prayer or League of the Sacred Heart. Lastly, in 1886, the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary united under its banner many young men of the parish, and has not ceased to be a powerful instrument of good for its members, and of edification for the parish. Several missions have been preached, the most successful of which were given by the Redemptorists in 1884 and by the Jesuits in 1897.

From the successive divisions and sub-divisions of the Mother-Parish of the Assumption during the latter half of the century, many parishes have been formed, among which Windsor is by far the most important. The actual population of the Sandwich parish is not inferior to 2300 souls, mostly of French-Canadian blood. It claims the honor of having given a large number of nuns to different congregations, and six priests to the Church.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and His Blessed Mother, the Patroness of the parish, preserve the mortals, the strong faith and the sincere piety of its people, and give them a liberal spirit by which they will appreciate more the advantages of a Catholic College at their doors, and will be eager to procure for their sons a higher education based on a sound religious formation.

Note.—Two letters written in 1846 by Rev. Father P. Point, then Parish Priest at Sandwich, Ontario, to Mr. Justice Philippe Panet of Quebec, and now in posses-

sion of the Essex Historical Society, show that the oil painting (mentioned in Father Aboulin's History of the Assumption Church, Sandwich) being a copy by Plamondon of Murillo's Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, was presented to the Assumption Church Sandwich by Mr. Justice Panet in memory of his daughter Rosalie wife of Charles Baby and the gilt frame was presented by some of the parishioners. Judge Panet's grand-son A. P. E. Panet ~~was~~ President of the Essex Historical Society in 1907 had a small plate, commemorating the gift, put on the frame of the painting.

SANDWICH IN 1812.

Historical Sketch by Miss Jean W. Barr.

On July 12th, one hundred years ago, General Hull, United States commander at Fort Detroit, invaded Canada and quartered 2,500 of his regulars in the little village of Sandwich. Long before the days of 1812 Sandwich was a place of some importance. Three hundred and twenty acres of land to the east of the village had been set apart in 1728 for a Roman Catholic mission to the Huron Indians. In 1750 what was called the French survey was granted by the government to French officers and soldiers who came from Montreal in open batteaux and settled in the virgin forest. This class formed an exclusive society, holding themselves rather aloof from the colonists. In many instances they were wealthy and lived in comfortable style, sending to France for the luxuries as well as most of the necessities of life. They were followed by a more picturesque people, a hardy race mostly of Norman origin, who have been described as "unprogressive, suspicious, religious, clannish, inoffensive and woefully deficient in business talent." Fortune, however, favored the French pioneers, perhaps because they asked little of her hand. By nature they were free and easy, and took their pleasure innocently. The son was content to marry a wife and build a cabin on his father's farm, always stipulating that he must have a bit of the river front. In this way the Essex farms became narrow strips of land running from the river back into the country. The

habitant was perfectly happy so long as he had his bit of ground, his punt and fishing tackle for the river, and his fast pony for racing on the ice in winter. The madam of the household was invariably neat, hard-working and a good manager, in fact she was often called the best man about the place.

Then later came the United Empire Loyalists, pioneers of a different stamp. In many cases they had been subjected to privations and cruelty and were obliged to leave behind them the accumulation of years and start with their families on the long perilous journey to Canada, where the British flag still waved. The United Empire Loyalists were ambitious to create homes such as they had left, and few obstacles proved too great for them to surmount. These were the class of men to be found in Essex county prior to 1812.

In Sandwich itself stood St. John's church, first erected of logs in 1802, and latterly replaced by a building of brick. Immediately opposite to the church was the ground chosen for the American encampment of soldiers. Not far distant stood the Baby mansion erected in 1790, a great, substantial dwelling, which Hull at once appropriated as his headquarters and from which he issued his proclamation: "The army under my command has invaded your country, and the standard of the Union now waves over this territory of Canada, to the peaceable, inoffensive inhabitant it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to protect, not to injure you. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of free men." 1798

On August 13th General Brock, commander of Canada's forces, arrived at Fort Malden from York, and immediately decided to advance upon Detroit. Hull and part of his command had already returned to the shelter of the American fort, and upon the advance of the British from Fort Malden the remainder of the United States retreated to Detroit. Brock marched past Sandwich and planted his batteries on what is now the heart of Windsor. Gen. Brock despatched a letter to Hull under flag of truce demanding the surrender of Fort Detroit, to which Hull replied: "I am ready to meet any force which may be at your disposal." Immediately the British

opened fire on the American fort. There was a magnificent French pear tree standing at the corner of Woodbridge and Griswold streets in Detroit, and this the British took for a target, and so telling was the shot that a man named Miller offered to chop the tree down at any hazard. As he spoke, two-thirds of it was carried away by a shot. "Fire away, John Bull," cried Miller, "you cut a deal faster than I can."

At six o'clock the British began crossing the river in open boats and canoes, and were soon landed and marching towards the American fort, Brock and Chief Tecumseh riding well to the front, followed by 30 of the Royal Artillery, 300 regulars, 400 militia and 600 Indians. They marched up the river road, the white men keeping to the water's edge while the Indians swarmed in the woods. Although the British marched up a road guarded by cannon, the Americans offered no resistance. Several officers and men had been killed inside the fort by volleys from the Canadian shore, and, undoubtedly Hull feared above all things the brutality and ravages of the Indians who came with Gen. Brock. At any rate, he met the British with a flag of truce, and Detroit was forthwith handed over to Gen. Brock.

Perhaps it was not until then that the British general had opportunity to enquire into the personnel of his followers. Three Essex men, among all those who so ably seconded his efforts in dealing with the invading Americans, should be remembered in connection with the affairs of the frontier: Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnee Indians; Col. William Caldwell and Col. Matthew Elliott.

Tecumseh was an Indian anxious as to the future of his race. He found no help or friendliness from the Americans, and finally looked to the British for justice. Tecumseh met General Brock on his arrival at Fort Malden and recognized a soldier worthy to be his hero. Brock, in turn, appreciated the unusual qualities of the Indian, and when decision for attack was arrived at turned at once to Tecumseh and asked him to explain the condition of the surrounding country. Without hesitation the Indian made a diagram of all needful points upon a piece of birch bark, and the sketch was quite intelli-

gible to the General. After securing from Tecumseh the promise that his red followers should abstain from all barbarity towards their enemy, Brock gave Tecumseh a place of honor by his side, and without delay they led their followers towards Detroit and victory.

William Caldwell had been appointed Quarter-Master General, and to him is ascribed the honor of having persuaded Chief Tecumseh and 1,200 Indians to espouse the cause of the British in 1812. His four sons, William, Francis, Thomas and Billy, were all British officers. Although Billy was the son of an Indian woman, Caldwell gave him the same care and education as the other sons received. The story of this young half-breed was a most tragic one. He inherited the Indian instincts of his mother, and became chief of the Pottawatomies, bearing the Indian name of Saganash. Family influence induced him to come from Illinois and join the British, and it seems to have been his misfortune to have been the involuntary cause of the massacre at Raisin River, which so frightened and horrified the Americans.

Towards the close of the battle at Raisin River, when the Kentuckians were making a desperate rally, Saganash, rushing forward from the British lines, shouted for them to surrender and save more bloodshed. In his excitement he spoke in the Indian tongue, and his motives were misunderstood. An American soldier sprang upon him and buried his knife in the young man's neck. Infuriated, the Indians rushed pell-mell upon the enemy, and a most barbarous slaughter took place, and nothing the British officers could do would prevent the Indians from simply hacking up the bodies of the Americans.

In the Caldwell homestead near Amherstburg there is a pair of pistols which were taken by an Indian from Gen. Winchester at the Battle of Raisin. The Indian captured Winchester and Whitmore Knaggs, of Detroit, mounted on one horse. The pistols have wooden stocks extending to the muzzle, and are of London make. The Caldwells also have in their possession the red coat worn by Francis Caldwell when

he entered Fort Detroit with Gen. Brock after Hull's surrender.

Matthew Elliott was an Irishman, educated for the priesthood, who turned soldier and emigrated to Virginia. After fighting in many battles of the Revolutionary War and receiving his share of wounds, he set out for Canada, accompanied by 60 Virginia slaves. The British government granted him 2,500 acres of land in Malden township and he took up his residence there in 1784. His slaves immediately began the erection of the old log homestead a mile below the site of Amherstburg, which is, as well as the slave quarters, now in ruins.

Col. Elliott was the first superintendent of Indian affairs in Western Ontario, and took command of the Indians at the Battle of the Raisin, but was unable to prevent the massacre. Elliott became the confidant and friend of Brock, Proctor and Commodore Barclay. It was at the old Elliott mansion that Brock first met Tecumseh. The Indian could but rarely be persuaded to remain over night with his white friend, but when he did stay he slept in a small stone house to the rear of the building proper. Elliott was present at the Battle of Queenston Heights, and died a few days after from exposure.

EARLY DAYS ALONG THE BORDER.

By Friend Palmer, of Detroit.

The late Gen. Friend Palmer prepared a series of papers upon the early days of Detroit and vicinity. The following article pertains to the Canadian residents of the old days:

There were many prosperous farmers on the Canadian side of the river in the early days, and their wives frequented the old market on Woodward avenue, near Jefferson, in the season, with their stock of apples, pears, poultry, eggs, early vegetables, etc. They usually squatted down on the space between the market and Jefferson avenue, surrounded by their

possessions. They came across the river in their own dug-outs or canoes in the early morning, did these thrifty French matrons.

The farmers up and down the river on this side did not seem to have any surplus to dispose of, at least I do not remember seeing any of them vending their produce at this market, except one, and he was not French; and that was Judge Jedediah Hunt, who had leased the Abraham Cook farm in Hamtramck, and was on hand daily, during the season, with an abundant supply of vegetables, eggs, chickens, etc. He also supplied the Berthelet market, as did the French housewives from Caanda. At these markets in the fall of the year were found in perfection the delicious whitefish, also muskalonge and sturgeon, and all so fine and cheap. One could always get whitefish in the season at the foot of Woodward avenue and at these markets from the up and down river French fishermen, for five and ten cents each.

Discharged British soldiers married into French families on both sides of the river, and from these unions have sprung many of our most influential citizens.

In those early days our Canadian friends and neighbors were more closely interwoven into our social life than at the present time. The Watsons, Askins, McKees, Rankins, Beaubiens, Princes, Mercers, Richardsons, Dougalls, Elliotts, Lewises, Woods, Cowans, McIntoshes, Halls, etc., were large land holders, most, if not all of them, and wealthy for those days, Col. Prince quite so. It was said that he brought with him when he came from England \$300,000 in gold. Col. Gardner, who lived on the river Aux Canard, just below Sandwich, was also a wealthy English gentleman. Besides these, the officers of the British army stationed from time to time at Malden and Sandwich were always welcome guests at our firesides, and on all festive occasions they contributed much to embellish the social life of this then gay city. I say gay city; it was eminently so, it seems to me, more so than at present, particularly during the winter months, shut out as we were from contact with the eastern world. There was not much else to do then only to have a good time, and we had it.

All seemed like one family, as it were. The interchange of civilities was constant. Many of the families intermarried. Bob Woods married Miss Emma Schwarz, daughter of Gen. Schwarz. Mr. H. S. McDonald, Windsor, married Miss Brodhead, sister of Col. Thornton Brodhead. Alex. Lewis married Miss Libbie Ingersoll, of this city. Samuel Lewis married Miss Jennie Fenton, of this city, sister of Col. Fenton, of Flint. William R. Wood married Miss Caroline Whistler, niece of Mrs. Judge James Abbott and Col. William Whistler, U. S. A. Hon. Albert Prince, M. P., married Mrs. Eliza Hunt, nee Krapp. William Beaubien married Miss Eliza Chipman, daughter of Judge Henry Chipman. Theodore Williams married Miss Hall. Tom McKee married Miss Mary Gager, daughter of Capt. Gager, of the steamer Albany. So it will be seen that the tie that bound residents of both communities together was no fickle one.

Col. Gardner, who lived with his niece, Mrs. Sutton, on the banks of the Canard, had seen service in Spain under Wellington, was at Salamanca, also Vittoria, where the duke drove Napoleon out of that kingdom. I dined with him often on the banks of the Canard, and on one occasion my brother-in-law, James B. Witherell, was with me. The latter had been in Spain, and was familiar with many of the localities where Col. Gardner had been, so the meeting was very agreeable and interesting on both sides, and doubly so to me. The colonel had been associated, for a while after he came to Canada, with Tom D. Babcock (late of St. Clair) in the dry goods business in Windsor in 1837-8. The colonel and Sidney L. Rood, bookseller of this city, were always warm friends, the former invariably making the book-store his headquarters when in the city. He was a bluff, hearty, typical Englishman, and somewhat resembled Col. Prince in appearance. The Mrs. Sutton with whom Col. Gardner made his home was the wife of Mr. Sutton, druggist in Windsor.

The Mercers lived about an eighth of a mile above the ferry landing. There were three daughters. One married a gentleman near Chatham by the name of John Duck; another married Johnson Richardson, brother of the Major Richard-

son who wrote "Wacousta"; the other married a gentleman named Blackwood. There were three boys, I think. John Mercer was appointed sheriff for the county of Kent, and held the office until his death in 1897. Jos. Mercer was clerk of the court at Sandwich, and was killed on the Great Western railway at Chatham in 1862. Mrs. Duck died in 1852, Mrs. Richardson in 1881. James Mercer, the youngest son, cast his lot early in the United States. He came to Detroit when quite young, was clerk for John J. Truax, and later for Col. Spencer Sprague in his agricultural store on lower Woodward avenue, and after that he got married and emigrated to Ontonagon, where he engaged in the forwarding and commission business, was quite successful and acquired a comfortable competency. He was quite a factor in electing to the United States senate Hon. Thos. W. Palmer. When Capt. Marryatt, R. N., author of "Midshipman Easy," "Peter Simple," etc., was in Windsor he was the guest of the Mercers during his stay.

When I came to Detroit the brick store and warehouse of John and James Dougall was a conspicuous object, located down as it was almost under the bank of the Detroit river, on the Canadian side, and directly opposite the foot of Griswold street. The firm carried a large stock of general merchandise, imported exclusively, and they pledged themselves to sell carpets, hearth rugs, etc., as cheap, duty included, as they could be bought in New York. I was a frequent visitor to their establishment, when it was in the heyday of their fortunes, and, boy that I was, was amazed at the display of foreign goods they made. One of the firm, James, was mixed up a little in the rebellion of 1837, but not on the Patriot side. He was a participator in the battle of Windsor on December 4, 1838, and on seeing the two-starred flag of the Patriot forces borne by Col. Harvell, cried out, "A hundred dollars to the man who shoots the standard bearer." Harvell was shot and fell on the flag, which was captured by Lieut., afterwards Col., Rankin. Harvell was then bayoneted. Mr. Dougall married the daughter of Mr. Baby, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady. The homestead of the latter was situated just across the street from Dougall's store. Mr. Dougall was mayor of Windsor four years, serving in 1859-60 and 1869-70. The Dougalls

had an immense American trade for years. They were heavy importers of hardware, iron and steel and were hustling competitors of Erastus Corning & Co., Albany, N. Y.

The Richardsons were quite a distinguished family in Windsor, Robert Richardson being a surgeon in the British army. One of the sons, John, was a major in the same service and spent some time in Windsor. He was quite literary, and wrote among other books, the Indian novel of "Wacousta," as before said; it was very popular and widely read. Some one dramatized it, and it was brought out here by Dean & McKinney at the theatre on the southeast corner of Gratiot and Farrar streets. This about 1837. Charlotte Cushman was here at the same time, playing at this theatre. The major and herself were guests of Gov. Stevens T. Mason. A son of the major married a daughter of my jolly good friend, Dr. Donnelly, who was so well and favorably known on both sides of the border. I had an experience with the doctor and it was a jolly one, too. The late Gov. Dave Jerome shared it also. The latter, in his early days, chartered the steamboat Chataugue one season for the purpose of tugging on Lake and River St. Clair, making his objective point at Algonac. He invited the doctor and myself to make a ten days' visit, which we did. It is needless to say we had a thoroughly good time.

The first time I remember having seen Col. Rankin and noticing him particularly was at an entertainment given by Mr. Robert Watson at his hospitable home, on the river bank, just below Windsor. Gathered there at the time were Bob Woods, now Judge Woods, of Chatham; Mr. and Mrs. Mercer with their sons and daughters; Col. and Mrs. Prince, with their sons and daughter, Miss Belle Prince; the Babys, the Dougalls and other prominent people who went to make up the social and business life of that side of the border. The gay company was, of course, plentifully sprinkled with the representatives of both sexes of Detroit's social side. Col. Rankin was then in his prime, and just married to Miss McKee, daughter of Col. McKee, and sister of Tom McKee, of Sandwich, lately deceased, and who was for so many years connected with the

Canadian customs. I never could get on terms of intimacy with the colonel, he was so imperious, but I was quite intimate with the McKees.

Col. Rankin in 1862 obtained permission from the war department to raise for the United States service a regiment of lancers, which he did, recruiting the members almost entirely from Canada. It was mustered into service with the maximum number, fully equipped with the exception of horses. It would have left the state in fine condition, but was disbanded by order of the war department, contrary to the repeated protests of the governor (Blair) and without giving any reason for such a procedure, losing to the service of the United States a remarkably fine body of officers and men.

Col. Rankin in a very happy manner presented, on behalf of the Windsor town council, to the Detroit fire department a silver trumpet in recognition of its opportune services in staying what promised to be a disastrous fire on the night of 6th of April, 1849. The loss, anyway, was about \$30,000.

The colonel died March 13, 1893, at the Hotel Dieu in Windsor. He was a familiar figure on the streets of Detroit and Windsor for many years. He was a powerfully built man and vigorous to the last. His individualism was strongly asserted in his facial contour, which indicated firmness, determination, shrewdness and iron will. His bronzed, resolute face and gleaming eyes were surrounded by a mass of white hair and long whiskers and mustache, which gave him a resemblance to a French marshal. Nor did his appearance belie his record. He was a gallant soldier, fire-eating duellist, belligerent politician and successful speculator and man of business, and wrote his name on more than one page of Canadian history. He and Judge Woods, of Chatham, were life-long friends.

Shortly after his marriage Rankin proceeded with a band of Indians from Walpole Island to England, where he attracted marked attention in London from the extravagant and gorgeous display of his troop, driven by himself, as an Indian chief, in a van made for the purpose, with his team of six gorgeously caparisoned cream-colored horses drilled to the quick

step of a brass band in attendance. He sold out to Catlin (Indian showman) for a large amount and returned to Canada.

On the river front and near the Fellers Benjamin mansion, is his old, time-worn home. It is a strong, old-fashioned wooden structure with dormer windows. It was built by Wm. R. Wood, lawyer and town treasurer of Sandwich, somewhere about 1840. Wood was allied to one of the prominent Detroit families, having married Miss Caroline Whistler, niece of Mrs. (Judge) James Abbott, as before said. Wood, in addition to the above, owned Bois Blanc island, both of which he sold to Col. Rankin some time in the late forties.

Col. Rankin had two remarkably fine boys, Both grew to manhood; one took to the stage and was before the public for many years. I always thought him a very fine actor. The other, George C., I hardly know what vocation he did follow. The first I had my attention called to him particularly, he was the proprietor of an opera company down at Manhattan beach, just below Sandwich. Their entertainments were given under a large tent, and were very good. I thought they drew remarkably well, anyway. He was also author of a work on Canada, a dialect novel, which was fine. Not long before his death he had a controversy with Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, the Montreal professor and author of "L'Habitant," because the latter claimed to be the author of the poem "The Wreck of the Julie Plante." Though it had been regularly credited to him, he maintained that Frank Morton, of Detroit, Michigan Central ticket agent and cousin of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, was responsible for the verses. The latter was widely known on both sides of the river, but more particularly on this side, where he had hosts of friends, and they all upheld Rankin's contention as correct. By this time the matter has been settled in Dr. Drummond's favor. Morton's rendition of the poem was certainly admirable, as was that of Hon. Peter White, of Marquette, and Hon. E. W. Cottrell, of Detroit.

The late Col. Prince was without doubt the most noted person that ever settled in Sandwich. He came from England somewhere about 1832 with his wife and four children, born in that country. It was said that he brought with him 75,000

gold guineas, besides a fine breed of English setters and several brace of pheasants, being a keen sportsman. He was a man of splendid physique, about five feet ten inches in height, powerfully developed chest and shoulders, and a voice of thunder, but it was said "so controlled and modified that at times it filled the audience with wonder at his powerful denunciations and his electric flights of oratory." A striking type of Daniel O'Connell, the renowned Irish patriot. He purchased in Sandwich what is called the Park farm, and from the quaint homestead he and his charming wife dispensed princely hospitality. In a short time he won his way into the hearts of the people, was elected to parliament, and was a very active member of that body. He was quite conspicuous during the Patriot war, on the Dominion side. It was thought at the time on both sides of the border that his treatment of those Patriots who fell into his hands after the battle of Windsor was extremely harsh. It may have been, but the provocation was great. Put yourself in his place. An armed body of irresponsible men from a foreign soil, led by irresponsible officers, invaded Canada with murderous intent, threatening not only his peaceful home and the lives of those near and dear to him, but the homes and lives of his neighbors as well. Aside from this, an act of barbarity perpetrated by the Patriots on the person of one of his dearest friends, almost an inmate of his household, drove him to frenzy. But a few hours before this visitation of his vengeance on his Patriot prisoners, his eyes had been filled with the horror of the mutilated body of this friend, who had been in his house in the full possession of youth, health, strength and intelligence, on the evening preceding this eventful day.

On the evening before the third of December, 1838, Dr. Hume, assistant staff surgeon—only child of Dr. John Hume, of Almada Hill, Lanark, Scotland, in whose family the medical profession was hereditary, the father being in Egypt under Abercrombie, and a cousin, surgeon to the Duke of Wellington, dined at the house of a friend in Sandwich. He wore his undress uniform, and during the evening went to the Park farm, partly to see the colonel, as times were exciting, partly to give professional advice for Mrs. Prince, who was

ill to distraction from nervous fever, partly to prescribe for the colonel himself, who was ill and worn out, and chiefly to see the third ill person in this afflicted family, Miss Rudyard. Hume was a fair-complexioned fellow, of easy and gentlemanly manner, with a look and countenance peculiarly mild; altogether a pleasing personality, handsome and distinguished looking. On the morning of the attack he and Commissary Morse directed their steps from the Park tavern to where the sounds of firing came, the former to tender his professional services. They rode, the staff-surgeon still in uniform, and the horse in its usual military trappings. Someone suggested that to be in plain clothes might be safer, but he laughingly replied that no one would touch a doctor. As the incendiaries returned from burning the steamer Thames they met the two. Hume mistook them for Loyalists. A woman came out from her house, and warned them that they were a detachment of Patriots, but she was too late. The Patriot account is that their captain demanded Hume's surrender. To his question, "To whom shall I surrender?" came the answer, "To the Patriots." He then quickly dismounted, with the uncomplimentary rejoinder, "Never, to a ——— set of rebels." Then a dozen bullets pierced him. "Only a part of our force fired—the rest, among whom I was one, thinking it quite unnecessary to go to extremes with so brave a man." The surgeon's body told a different story. Col. Prince's official despatch says that, not content with firing several balls into him, they stabbed him in many places with their bowie knives and mangled his body with an axe. One Loyalist appears to have been near enough to call out, "Don't shoot that man; he is the doctor." This interruption and their absurd query, "Then why does he not surrender?" enabled him to slip past the corner of a house, under the cover of which he tried to reach a friend's. The first man who fired must have been satisfied with his aim, for he turned to a companion and said, "You may go and take his sword; he won't run farther." At any rate, he retreated, pistol in hand, facing his enemies.

Some of these details of the atrocities have been contradicted. Hume's companion fared better; he was shot at, but the balls passed through his hair.

All the details of the Patriot war and the incidents connected with the battle of Windsor, including a minute account of the part Col. Prince took in it, as also the cruel fate of Dr. Hume, have often been written and commented upon, and must be quite familiar to the present generation, but I have never seen quite so detailed an account of the tragic death of Dr. Hume as is given here, which is taken in part from "Rebellion Times in Canada" by the Miss Lizars—I myself was an eye-witness of this affair in Windsor in 1838, from Jones' dock at the foot of Shelby street, and also from the room of the David Cooper building on Jefferson avenue.

It was in the fifties that Col. Prince went to the Canadian Soo, as first Judge of the Algoma district. It was then partially a wilderness. He served with credit until his death, which occurred there Nov. 20, 1870. He was buried on an island opposite Bellevue, where he lived. Mrs. Prince did not desire to accompany him to the Soo, and was not with him when he passed away. The island is owned by some eastern parties and is called Deadman's Island. His son, Albert Prince, Q. C., erected a tablet to his father's memory. Deadman's Island is where the Little Rapids first begin to break over the gravel set with large boulders, on the Canada side, between Topsail Island and the mainland; quiet and secluded then, as if in the heart of the wilderness, and known to but few, but now in the very heart of traffic and commerce.

Mr. T. F. Hughes, of the Canadian Soo, nursed the colonel, almost in his arms, during his six months' sickness of heart disease, and after his death saw him buried on Deadman's Island, as he promised he would. This Mr. Hughes was a relative in a way. He married the colonel's step-granddaughter, Miss Hunt, daughter of Mr. Frank Hunt, of Detroit.

Despite the ill-feeling that existed among some of the Canadians against Col. Prince on account of his course in this affair, he was more of a hero than ever. His journeys were ovations. It was said that Hamilton, Chatham and London testified to a general appreciation. In Chatham the incorporated companies saluted him not only with their arms, but with

hearty cheers. At London the Union Jack was run up on his hotel, and fire balls were thrown about to make the night brilliant. He was dined in Toronto, and made a triumphal progress home. The portion of the Eighty-fifth regiment stationed at Sandwich were ready to draw him to the Park farm on his arrival, substituting themselves for his horses, and immediate preparation was made to dine and wine him, which was done, and the dinner was set in an arbor of oak boughs adjoining the barracks.

In after years, when worried with the cares of business, Mr. Fellers (of the firm of Fellers & Benjamin, hotel proprietors), occupied the old Johnson Richardson homestead for a while, and in 1859 bought the Scott residence, which he occupied until his death; then it passed into the hands of his former partner, Benjamin. It will be remembered that Fellers & Benjamin at one time kept the National hotel (Russell house), and also the Michigan Exchange.

The National hotel and the Michigan Exchange under the management of Fellers & Benjamin, when in their prime, was not excelled by any west of Albany. Benjamin, during the civil war, kept the Adams house in Chicago, which was situated near the Michigan Central railroad depot. The house had a fine reputation. After his retirement from the above he and his wife joined Mr. Fellers in Canada, where he passed his remaining days in rest and retirement. He died in 1900.

Between the years from 1829 to 1839 several noted men from the British army and navy settled along the bank of the St. Clair river in the townships of Sarnia and Moore. There were Capt. Hyde, Commodore Crooks, Capt. Vidal, Admiral Vidal, Capt. Wright, Capt. Graham, Capt. Sturgeon and Surgeon Donnelly's family, also Sergt. Minton, and several other minor subordinates. Sergt. Minton was one of the bodyguards of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. Admiral Vidal built a spacious house. It had knees under the beams and in the corners, like those in a ship, to stand a gale without twisting. Dr. Donnelly was sent by the government to Upper Canada during the cholera epidemic of 1834 and died of that disease in London, and his family moved to their lands in Moore.

Capt. Wright had been captain of the guardship, man-of-war Griffin, and had charge of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. He married Miss Jane Leach, one of the belles of the island, about whom an interesting story is told. While attending a ball on the island, given in honor of Napoleon, he honored her with considerable attention. She remarked that she had a great favor to ask of him, and he replied that he would grant it if it were in his power and that he had never refused a lady anything he could do. She then asked him for a lock of his hair. This, he said, he would give her with pleasure, but she must honor him by cutting it off with his sword, which she did, and the lock of hair was set in a beautiful brooch. Captain Wright was colonel of the frontier regiment during the Mackenzie rebellion, 1837 and 1838, and also captain of one of the earliest steamers that floated the rivers Detroit and St. Clair, called the Minacetunk (an Indian word meaning the spirit of the wave). Her average time between Malden and Sarnia, by steam and sail, was four days, and it is said she sometimes tied up over night to a tree. For the first four years she was a failure; her paddle wheels did not dip enough in the water, and her boiler capacity was insufficient. During these four years the steamer Gratiot came out and ran between Detroit and Port Huron, as did the steamers Huron and Macomb.

Dr. Donnelly was the head surgeon in the British navy under Admiral Nelson, and was on the man-of-war St. Joseph when the British and French fleets were approaching each other. Nelson sent an order for him to come on board his ship, the Victory, which was to have the principal weight of the fight. This he did, taking with him six surgeons from other ships. He attended Nelson when he was wounded, and held his hand when he died.

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